



# THE LIBERTY "76" BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, February 4, 1901, by Frank Tousey.

No. 188.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1904.

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## THE LIBERTY BOYS' INDIAN DECOY; OR, THE FIGHT ON QUAKER HILL.

By HARRY MOORE.



The Indian decoy handed the false map to one of the British officers. They examined it eagerly. "Now we will capture those Liberty Boys!" exclaimed one of the officers. Dick and Bob, watching from the hillside, saw it all.



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## THE LIBERTY BOYS' INDIAN DECOY;

OR,

### The Fight on Quaker Hill.

By **HARRY MOORE.**

#### CHAPTER I.

##### A REDSKIN AND SOME REDCOATS.

"Hello, redskin, where did you get that gun?"

"Injun had gun long time."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Ugh."

"I guess you stole it from some white man, eh?"

"Injun no steal. Me good Injun."

"Oh, you're a good Indian, eh?"

"Ugh."

"Well, well. That is something I never expected to see—a good Indian that was alive. How about you, boys?"

"It's the same with us."

"Yes, yes."

"I've heard it said that only dead Indians are good ones."

It was mid-afternoon of a day in September, of the year 1777.

A party consisting of about a dozen British soldiers stood in the middle of the road leading to the Schuylkill River, a few miles west of Philadelphia, Penn. In front of them stood an Indian—a fine-looking specimen as one would wish to see. In the Indian's hands was a rifle, which was rather unusual for an Indian. Few knew how to handle rifles, and the majority used bows and arrows.

While the redcoats were giving utterance to the exclamation the redskin looked at them in sullen defiance.

It was plain that he would have cheerfully killed and scalped the entire party.

The leader of the party of redcoats was a lieutenant, a young fellow with a dissipated look. He now laughed sneeringly, and said:

"I am glad that I have at last seen one good Indian that was alive."

The Indian grunted, and his coal-black eyes fixed themselves upon the face of the young man in a stare that would have been disconcerting to most men. The lieutenant was young and reckless, however, and he did not pay any attention to the look on the redskin's face and in his eyes.

He made up his mind that he would have some sport at the Indian's expense.

He put on a judicial expression, and, with a sly wink at his companions, said:

"I believe the redskin has stolen the rifle, men. What do you think?"

"I think the same."

"And I."

"Yes, it isn't his rifle."

Such were a few of the replies.

"It my rifle," said the Indian, with dignity. "Me buy um."

"Bah, you can't make us believe that," the lieutenant said, sneeringly.

"Not a bit of it," from another.

"No, no; that story won't do," from another still.

"It my rifle, just same," the Indian averred. "No steal um."

The lieutenant shook his head.

"You can't make us believe it, Indian; and now, the question is, what shall we do with him, boys?"

The majority shook their heads to signify that they did not know.

"Take the rifle away from him," said one.

"Yes, we will do that," the lieutenant said. "But we ought to punish him, I think."



"Oh, yes; certainly we ought," said another of the soldiers.

"Better not hurt Injun," said the redskin in a threatening manner.

The redcoats laughed.

"What will you do if we hurt you?" the lieutenant asked.

"Hunt white men down; shoot um—maybe," was the stolid reply.

"He threatens us!" the lieutenant cried, angrily. "Did you hear what he said, boys?"

"We did!"

"And now I'll tell you what I have made up my mind to do."

"What?"

"We will, first of all, take the rifle away from him."

"Yes!"

"Then we will take him to the river, to where there is a bluff a dozen or fifteen feet high, and we will make him dive off the bluff again and again till he is about half drowned."

"That will be all right," said one of the soldiers.

The others nodded.

The Indian's face grew dark. He glared at Lieutenant Bond sullenly.

"Better not do um," he said.

"Bah!" with a sneering laugh. "Boys, take his rifle away from him."

The lieutenant drew a pistol as he spoke, and added, in a threatening voice:

"If you attempt to resist or to escape, I will put a bullet through you."

The Indian looked gloomily at the speaker.

"Red Rover no can fight so menny," he said.

"That is sensible, at any rate."

One of the redcoats leaped forward and took the rifle out of the reluctant hand of the redskin.

"Now, redskin, march!" said the lieutenant. "Right about, face, and march to the bank of the river."

The Indian turned and walked slowly away in the direction of the Schuylkill.

The redcoats followed, pistols in hand, with their eyes on their prisoner, to see that he did not try to make an escape.

Soon the river was reached.

Where the road struck the stream there was no bank to speak of. There was a ford at this point, and the water was shallow.

"Turn to the right and keep along the shore," ordered the lieutenant.

The Indian obeyed.

The redcoats followed, still keeping a wary eye on the redskin.

The party made its way along a distance of a quarter of a mile, and then the Indian paused.

He had come to a spot where the bank was at least fifteen feet above the water.

"This will do nicely," said the lieutenant.

Then his men, at the order, ranged themselves around the Indian in a semicircle.

The lieutenant took up his position close to the edge of the bluff. He pointed his pistol at the Indian.

"Jump!" he ordered.

The Indian obeyed.

Straight out from the bank he leaped, and down he went head-first.

Splash!

He went under, out of sight.

Then he came up again, and started to swim out into the river. That he was a splendid swimmer was easy to see.

"Stop!" called out Lieutenant Bond, sharply. "Come back!"

The Indian reluctantly obeyed.

It was plain that he would have been glad to have kept on swimming toward the farther shore.

"Come out, and back up here," the lieutenant ordered.

The Indian did as told.

He eyed the lieutenant and his comrades with a look of smoldering hatred.

The look said as plainly as words could have done: "If ever I get the chance I will kill and scalp the last one of you!"

But the redcoats, holding the redskins in contempt, gave no heed to the look.

They did not for a moment think that one Indian could do them any harm.

The redcoats laughed.

"How do you like it?" one asked.

"Like um as good as white man like um when it come him time t' do it," was the stolid reply.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the redcoat. "Hear that, boys? He is going to make me do the same thing—some time."

"Jump!" ordered the lieutenant.

The Indian obeyed.

He leaped off the bank, and shot downward, head-first, as he had done before.

Splash!

Under the redskin went, out of sight.

When he came up Lieutenant Bond ordered him to come ashore, and he obeyed.

It was great sport for the British soldiers.

They laughed at the redskin and jeered him.

His eyes grew darker still, with anger, and it seemed at times as though he might leap at his tormentors bare-handed. He was wise, however, and restrained himself. He came of a cunning race, and made up his mind to bide his time. He would get a chance at the palefaces some time, he was sure, and then—well, he would repay them with interest. That was another characteristic of his race.

The redcoats neither knew nor suspected what was passing in the mind of their victim, and they continued to laugh at and jeer him; and the lieutenant continued to make him dive off the bank into the river, till the poor fellow was almost exhausted.



At last he dropped on the ground, after having climbed laboriously up the steep bluff. He seemed about half dead from fatigue.

"Get up, redskin," ordered the lieutenant. "Get up and take another head off the bank."

The Indian shook his head weakly.

"Red Rover no do," he said, faintly. "If jump 'gin, no git out. Injun drown, sure."

"Well, what is that to us?" in a heartless tone. "What do we care? One redskin more or less will not make any difference. Get up and make the leap, I tell you."

"Injun no do um."

The lieutenant grew red with anger.

He shook the pistol fiercely.

"You will get up and leap, or I will put a bullet through you," he cried. "Take your choice."

"Injun no can do um," was the sullen reply. "Injun drown if him jump, so might as well die by bullet."

"And that's the way you will die, unless you get up and make the leap quickly."

At this instant there came an interruption.

A crashing of underbrush was heard, and then a voice, which called out, loudly:

"This way, boys! Here are some redcoats, and we will get them surrounded and kill the entire lot! Quick! Come on, all of you!"

## CHAPTER II.

### DICK SLATER APPEARS.

The redcoats became alarmed instantly.

They imagined that a force of rebels was closing in on them.

Of course, it was natural that they should think that the force outnumbered their own.

They were seized with a sudden panic.

"Run, boys," cried the lieutenant, himself setting the example. "Flee for your lives."

The men obeyed the command with alacrity.

Crack!

It was a pistol-shot, and one of the redcoats gave utterance to a howl of pain. He had been hit by the bullet, but the wound was not serious, and he kept on running.

Crack!

Again there sounded a pistol-shot, and again there was a cry of pain from a redcoat.

"After them, boys!" shouted a stentorian voice. "After the scoundrels! Don't let them escape!"

The crashing in the underbrush continued unabated, and the redcoats, certain that they were being pursued by an overwhelming force of "rebels," ran as they had never run before.

They quickly disappeared from the sight of the redskin, who raised himself to a sitting posture and shook a clenched fist after them.

"Red Rover no furgit," he murmured. "Him settle with bad palefaces some time."

The next moment a handsome, bronzed youth of perhaps nineteen years stood before him. Behind the youth stood a magnificent coal-black horse.

The redskin stared at the youth, and then looked beyond him.

"Where other palefaces?" he asked.

The youth smiled.

"There are no others," he replied.

The redskin stared in still greater amazement.

"No others?" he exclaimed. "I heerd heap noise, like lot uv men."

The youth nodded toward his horse.

"He made the noise you heard," with a smile. "I made him prance around in the dry underbrush. It sounded like a lot of men running fast."

The Indian's face relaxed into a grim smile.

It was evident that the trick the young paleface had played on the redcoats was a pleasing one, to his way of thinking.

"Ugh; young paleface heap smart!" he said. "Heap brave—ugh."

The young man laughed.

"It didn't take much bravery to do what I did. I knew that I could frighten them away without much trouble."

"Red Rover much oblige t' young paleface. Me um frien', ugh!"

"Oh, that's all right. I was crossing at the ford below, and happened to see you dive head-first off the bank. I wondered at it, and when I saw you climb back and repeat the performance I felt that there was something strange about the affair. I came ashore and dismounted; then I made my way up here and took a survey of the situation. I saw what was going on, and decided to take a hand in the fun. I did so, as you know."

"Red Rover know. Him much 'blige."

"You are welcome; but, by the way, where are you from? I didn't know there were any Indians in this part of the country."

"I have been 'way down South, an' now I am goin' back t' my people, many miles t' the west."

"In the mountains, eh?"

"Ugh!"

"Well, I must be going, Red Rover, and I would advise that you get out of this part of the country as quickly as possible, before the redcoats get after you again."

A peculiar smile appeared on the Indian's face. He shook his head.

"Injun no go—now," he said.

The youth looked surprised and interested.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Goin' to stay here."

"What for?"

"T' settle with redcoated palefaces."

There was something wild and fierce in the Indian's voice and air.



"Ah, so that's what you are thinking of doing, eh?"

"Ugh!"

"Well, I don't blame you for feeling the way you do about the matter. Why were they making you dive into the river, anyway?"

"Just because um want t' have fun," in a voice filled with bitterness and anger. "Now I am goin' t' stay here an' have fun with bad palefaces, ugh!"

"I don't blame you for wanting to do so, as I said before; but we had better get away from here. They will be coming back soon, likely, to see what has become of the party of rebels who put them to flight."

"Come with me," said the Indian. "I show you where Red Rover goin' t' stay, an' if you want him, you will know where t' look fur um."

He strode away, the young man following, and behind him came the horse.

After a walk of twenty-five minutes a small log cabin was reached. It stood deep in the forest, in the midst of a thick growth of trees and underbrush. It was invisible at a distance of thirty yards. It was only about a quarter of a mile from the river.

The Indian turned to his rescuer and said:

"Young paleface tell um name? Red Rover want t' know who um frien' is."

The youth hesitated a moment, and then said:

"My name is Dick Slater."

The Indian nodded.

"Injun remember," he said. Then he gave the youth a shrewd look, and added:

"Dick Slater a soldier—mebby?"

The youth nodded.

"Yes," he acknowledged.

"Um b'long t' soldiers that wear blue coats, ugh?"

"Yes."

"Heap good; Red Rover help bluecoated soldiers every time. Red Rover hate redcoated soldiers."

"You certainly have no cause for liking them."

Dick Slater was at that time quite famous as a scout and spy.

He was also famous as being the captain of a company of young fellows of about his own age, the company being known as The Liberty Boys of '76.

The Liberty Boys had taken part in a number of battles, and had done good work.

They were young and impetuous, and did not know the meaning of the word fear.

This made them desperate and daring fighters on the battlefield, and their determination to keep on fighting to the very last had more than once turned the tide of battle in favor of the patriots. Consequently the Liberty Boys were high in the esteem of General Washington and the leading patriot officers.

He was now on his way to Philadelphia to spy on the British.

He remained there, talking to the Indian an hour or more. He was in no hurry, as he did not wish to reach

Philadelphia before nightfall anyway, so he could afford to stay and converse with his redskin friend.

He had entered the cabin, and seated himself, and the two were thus able to be comfortable while talking.

Suddenly the Indian held up a warning finger.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Somebody comin'!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### A PRISONER.

"Is there more than one?" whispered Dick.

The Indian shook his head.

"No, only one," he replied.

The steps sounded louder and louder.

The person, whoever he might be, was now close at hand.

Then the door opened, and a shaggy head was protruded into the cabin.

The owner of the head was a man of about forty years; he was bearded and uncouth-looking, and had a long rifle in his hands.

Dick glanced from him to the Indian, and realized at once that the latter knew the newcomer.

"How?" he said. "Come in, Luke."

The man looked surprised, and gave the speaker a more searching look.

"W'y, et's Red Rover!" he exclaimed.

"Ugh. Where Luke been?"

"Ever'whar, Red Rover; but whar ye be'n sence I seen ye las'?"

"Way down South."

"Humph! An' who's yer frien'?"

"Um Dick Slater."

The man held out a hand to Dick—he had entered the cabin—and the youth took it.

"My name's Luke Sheddin," he said.

He then explained that he was a hunter and trapper, and that his stamping ground, as he expressed it, was in the mountains to the west, in the Indian country, where Red Rover's people lived.

"That's whar we got ter knowin' each other," he said.

Dick did not exactly fancy the man's looks, but judged that he was not so bad as he looked.

An hour later the Liberty Boy bade the two good-by and took his departure.

"Goin' ter stop heer ez ye go back?" asked Sheddin, as Dick was riding away.

"I don't know; perhaps so."

Dick soon reached the road and then urged his horse into a gallop.

He rode onward steadily an hour, and then was within two miles of Philadelphia.

He dismounted and led his horse deep into the timber, and tied him to a tree.



Then he sat down at the foot of another tree and composed himself to await the coming of darkness before venturing to approach the Quaker City.

He had been up nearly all the preceding night, and was sleepy, and before he realized that he was in danger of going to sleep, he was unconscious of his surroundings.

Suddenly he awoke with a start.

He felt hands upon his arms, and realized that he was in danger.

He looked around, and found himself surrounded by a dozen redcoats.

One of these had his arm in a sling, and Dick at once guessed that this was the force that had been having sport with the Indian, Red Rover.

He did not believe that the redcoats guessed that he was the person who had frightened them away, however, and so he decided to put on a bold front and try to get them to let him alone.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Why have you seized me?"

"You are our prisoner," said the leader, a lieutenant. It was indeed Lieutenant Bond.

"Your prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Why a prisoner?"

"Because you are a rebel spy!"

"I am not."

"Of course you would say that."

"Because it is true."

"Bah! Please explain why you were sitting here asleep."

"I was resting, after a long ride."

"That will do to tell, but my opinion is that you were waiting for night to come, to shield your movements, and that you intended to slip into the city on a spying expedition."

"I had no such intention."

"We shall see; boys, bind his arms."

Dick saw that it would be useless to resist; they outnumbered him a dozen to one.

They bound his arms and then took his weapons away from him.

They were surprised when they found four pistols in his belt.

"You go pretty well armed, young fellow," said the lieutenant.

"Yes; there are times when one should have weapons, you know. I was afraid that I might meet some rebels, and wanted to be in a position to protect myself."

The redcoats laughed ironically.

"You are pretty smart," the lieutenant said. "But you can't fool us."

"I am not trying to fool you."

"That remains to be seen. We are going to take you into the city and turn you over to the commander-in-chief. If he chooses to believe your story, well and good. We will not have anything to say."

Dick saw it would be useless to argue with the lieutenant.

"I can wait," he said, with well-assumed satisfaction. "As soon as your commander-in-chief has seen me and talked to me he will set me free."

"Perhaps so."

This was said in a tone of voice that implied doubt.

Then Dick was placed on the back of his horse, and the party set out in the direction of Philadelphia.

It did not take them long to arrive at their destination.

Dick's horse was taken to a stable at the rear of the building occupied by the commander-in-chief of the British army, and then Dick was conducted into the building.

The lieutenant and one of his comrades escorted Dick to the private room of General Howe, and entered, with their prisoner.

General Howe was short, fat, red-faced, and good-natured, though he could get angry on occasion.

He turned his head and eyed the newcomers with interest, and at the same time inquiringly.

"Hello, whom have you there?" he asked, looking at the lieutenant.

"A prisoner, your excellency," was the reply.

"So I see; but who and what is he?"

"That is for you to learn, sir; we suspected that he was a rebel spy, and so captured him and have brought him to you."

"Humph!"

General Howe turned and gave Dick a searching look.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Dan Morton."

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from here, sir."

"In which direction?"

"Northwest."

"Why are you down in this part of the country?"

"I was coming to the city, sir."

"What for?"

"I wanted to see an army."

"Ah, you have never seen one?"

"No, sir."

The general eyed the youth searchingly.

"You are a hardy, healthy-looking young fellow," he said. "How would you like to join the army?"

"I don't know; my parents might not like it."

"You would join if your parents were willing, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad to hear that; I will send a messenger to your home to-morrow, and ask that they permit you to join my army."

This would be bad for Dick. If they held him a prisoner till the messenger came back it would be known that he had not told the truth, and this would stamp him as being a spy.

However, the messenger was not to be sent.

Just then footsteps were heard, and the door opened and the orderly announced Henry Smart.



The instant Dick heard the name he felt that it was all up with him, for he knew Henry Smart well, and Smart knew him. The man in question was the champion British spy—as Dick was known as The Champion Patriot Spy.

Henry Smart entered, and the instant his eyes fell upon Dick he gave a start, and exclaimed:

"Dick Slater, the rebel spy, by all that is wonderful!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### RED ROVER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

General Howe and Lieutenant Bond stared in amazement.

They looked first at Henry Smart and then at Dick.

"What is that you say, Smart?" the British commander-in-chief said. "Do you really mean that this young man is the famous spy, Dick Slater?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"You know him, then?"

"Very well, indeed."

"You are sure there can be no mistake?"

"I am certain of it; Dick Slater and I have met before; indeed once upon a time we were engaged in a contest for the mastery, and it was not decided which was the better man. The contest was interrupted."

The British general looked at Dick with interest.

He had heard a great deal about the famous rebel spy—indeed he had offered a reward for him—but this was the first time he had seen him face to face.

"So you are Dick Slater!" he exclaimed.

Dick bowed and smiled.

"I suppose there is no use denying it," he said, quietly; "Mr. Smart, here, knows me, and that makes it folly for me to deny my identity."

"You are right."

Then the general turned to Lieutenant Bond, and went on.

"Lieutenant, you did a better thing than you knew when you captured this young man."

"So it seems, sir," was the reply.

Then the commander-in-chief began plying Dick with questions.

Little good did it do him. Dick would not answer any questions that he did not wish to, and the general did not gain any information.

At last he ordered that Dick be taken to the jail.

"See to it, Lieutenant Bond, that the prisoner is placed in a secure cell, and that every precaution is taken to prevent his making his escape. He is, doubtless, a slippery customer."

"There is no doubt regarding that," was the reply.

So Dick was led away to the jail.

"Place this young man in the strongest cell you have,"

said the lieutenant. "He is the most famous of all the rebel spies. He is Dick Slater, the captain of the Liberty Boys."

"I have a number of cells that will hold him or any other man," was the reply.

"All right."

The jailor took charge of the prisoner, and the lieutenant went to his quarters.

The jailor took Dick to a cell, and placed him in it; then an assistant unbound the youth's hands.

"Good-night," said the jailor.

"Good-night," replied Dick. Then the jailor and his assistant took their departure, locking the cell-door behind them.

There was a candle in the cell, so Dick was not in darkness.

He was now free to reflect on his situation.

He could not but confess that it was anything but a pleasing one.

He was a prisoner, without, seemingly, any chance to free himself.

More, he was a known spy, and the penalty, always, for a spy, is death.

Unless he escaped, he would assuredly be put to death.

Next day Dick was taken before the British commander-in-chief's staff and given a trial.

It was proven that he was a patriot spy, and General Howe sentenced him to death by shooting.

The youth was to be put to death next evening at six o'clock.

As they were taking Dick back to the jail, he was seen and recognized by an Indian who, in company with a rough-looking hunter, was walking along the street.

The Indian was Red Rover.

The instant his eyes fell upon Dick, he gave a start and caught his companion by the arm.

"Look!" he exclaimed in a low, intense voice; "there Dick Slater, an' um prisoner!"

"Thet's so, Red Rover, by thunder!"

"White boy in heap trubble, mebbey?"

"I guess yer right; ye see, he's er patriot spy, an' ther redcoats'll probably shoot er hang him."

"Ugh. That mus' not be."

"How ye goin' ter he'p et?"

"Mus' help um, some way."

"All right; ye tell me ther way, an' I'll he'p ye all I kin."

The Indian looked thoughtful.

Presently he said:

"Me know. We go t' place where heap lot soldiers are, an' tell um 'bout Dick Slater."

The hunter—who was, of course, Luke Sheddin—looked thoughtful.

"Yas, we kin do thet," he said slowly and thoughtfully; "but I dunno's thet wull he'p Dick Slater much."

"Why no help um?"

"Because, how air the sojers goin' ter come heer an' git Dick erway, right frum ermong thousan's uv redcoats?"

The Indian looked thoughtful.



"That so," he said; "that be hard t' do; but it all we can do."

"Yas, I guess thet's so. Le's see whar they take Dick Slater, an' then they'll know whar ter look fur 'im."

They made their way slowly along, keeping watch of the party with Dick in its midst, and presently saw it disappear within the walls of the jail.

"So thet's ther place, is et?" the hunter remarked; "thet's ther jail."

"Ugh," grunted the Indian. "Now we mus' fin' out if white boy t' be killed soon."

"Thet's so; wal, we kin easy fin' thet out."

"You do talkin'," said the Indian. "Redcoats think funny if Injun ax um."

"All right."

Presently Sheddin asked a man who the young fellow was that had been taken to jail.

"That was Dick Slater, the famous rebel spy," was the reply.

"Oh, is thet so?" in assumed surprise.

"Yes."

"What they goin' ter do with 'im?"

"Put him to death."

"Is thet so?"

"Yes; they have just held the trial, and he was proven guilty of being a rebel spy and was sentenced to be shot."

"When air they goin' ter shoot 'im?"

"To-morrow evening at six o'clock."

"Thank you for ther informashun. I thort mebby I'd go ter see ther shootin' done."

"You are welcome," and the citizen passed on.

The Indian and the hunter exchanged glances.

"We got time plenty" the redskin said.

"Yes, if we kin get er couple uv horses."

"We get um—out in country, at farmer's house."

"Thet's so; we'll git 'em, ef we hev ter take 'em without leef."

The Indian and the hunter had come to the city to buy some ammunition and tobacco. They made their purchases and then took their departure.

They occasioned no particular comment; Indians and hunters were seen in Philadelphia in those days with more or less frequency.

They passed the sentinels without difficulty, as they had done in coming.

Then they strode away, down the road, toward the west.

At last they entered the timber, and still they strode onward.

"I know whar we kin git ther hosses," said Sheddin; "thar's er patriot settler erbout er mile frum heer, whut'll let us hev hosses, I know, when I tell 'im thet ther life uv er patriot depen's onter et."

"Heap good," said Red Rover, sententiously.

They soon reached the home of the settler in question.

His name was Sam Slade, and he was a strong patriot.

When Sheddin told him that they wished to borrow a

couple of horses, and told him why they wished the animals, the settler said they could have them and welcome.

"I hev heard er lot about Dick Slater," he said; "an' ef I kin do ennythin' to keep 'im frum being shot, then I'm glad to do et."

The two bridled and saddled a couple of horses, mounted and rode away at a gallop.

They arrived at the patriot encampment about eleven o'clock.

They went at once to the place where the Liberty Boys were quartered.

They told the youths that Dick Slater, their young commander, was a prisoner in the hands of the British in Philadelphia, and that he had been tried and condemned and was to be shot next evening at six o'clock."

"Great guns, boys!" exclaimed Bob Estabrook, who was Dick's righthand man, and who was always left in command when the youth was away; "we must rescue Dick! We will rescue him, or die in the attempt!"

"That we will!" in a chorus from the Liberty Boys.

## CHAPTER V.

### DARING WORK.

"How did you find out about Dick?" asked Bob.

The two told him how they had made Dick's acquaintance, and how they had seen him a prisoner in the hands of the British in Philadelphia.

"Well, you have rendered us a great favor," said Bob, gratefully; "and we will not forget it."

"Dick Slater do favor for Red Rover," said the Indian; "um save Injun's life frum redcoats."

"Well, you have repaid him, by coming to us with the news you have given us. We will rescue him and thus you have practically saved his life."

"Red Rover hope so."

"I will go and have an interview with the commander-in-chief, boys," said Bob; "he will let us make the attempt to rescue Dick, I know, and so you might as well be getting ready for the work."

"All right," was the reply.

Bob went to headquarters and had a talk with General Washington.

The commander-in-chief was horrified when he learned that Dick had been captured. The youth was a great favorite with him.

"That is bad, very bad!" he murmured; "I am sorry, very sorry, that Dick has been captured. And I am afraid that it will be impossible to rescue him."

"We wish to make the attempt, your excellency."

"We?"

"Yes, sir—the Liberty Boys, you know."

"Ah, yes; but I fear it will result in all of you being captured or killed, Bob."



"I don't think so, sir; we will be as careful as is possible under the circumstances."

"You cannot be very careful, when you figure on entering the city and trying to get a prisoner out of the jail. You will be in the midst of the British army, surrounded by thousands of British soldiers."

"True, but we will be as careful as possible. And if we can't rescue Dick, we can at least give him the comfort of our companionship."

The great man shook his head.

"He would not want that at all," he said; "I fancy I know Dick very well, and I am sure that it would suit him better to die alone than to know that a number of you boys were in the hands of the enemy."

"Well, we will not let them get hold of us, if we can help it, but we must try to rescue Dick, sir."

"And I am willing that you shall do so, but be very careful, my boy."

"Very well, sir."

Then the commander-in-chief talked the matter over with Bob, and gave him some instructions which were likely to be of benefit to him.

When he had finished he told Bob that he might go.

The youth saluted and withdrew.

When he got back to the Liberty Boys quarters, he found the youths were ready to go at any moment.

"We will set out at once," said Bob; "and we will hide in the timber two or three miles this side of Philadelphia, and will wait till night, at which time we will slip into the city."

Half an hour later they set out, having eaten an early dinner, and the hunter and the Indian went with them.

They made their way along at a moderate pace, and about four o'clock they arrived at the home of Mr. Slade, the patriot settler who had lent the horses to the Indian and the hunter.

Here the party came to a stop and went into temporary camp.

They led their horses back into the timber two hundred yards in the rear of the stable, and here they settled down to take things easy till time to go to the city.

Mr. Slade had a lot of meat, and told the youths to help themselves.

This they did, and that evening they ate heartily of fried ham and johnniecakes.

The Indian and the hunter stayed with the party. They had declared their intention of helping to rescue Dick.

The time dragged along slowly after supper.

At last it grew dark, however.

Then the youths began to make preparations for the work to be done.

It was decided to leave the horses where they were, and to go to the city on foot.

When it was dark enough to shield their movements, the party set out.

Bob had told the youths what they were to do.

The plan was that they were to separate and slip into the

city singly. Then they were to get together, at Market Square, and go to the jail.

The Market Square was only a short distance from the jail, and they could slip there, and make the attempt to rescue Dick.

When they were within a mile of the edge of the city they separated.

There were one hundred of them, and they scattered and approached the city from that many directions.

The Liberty Boys were all skilled at any kind of work that required caution or stealthiness, and they believed that they could slip into the city without being discovered.

They were successful; three hours later they were assembled in Market Square, which at that hour was dark and deserted.

The youths had citizens' clothing on, in place of their uniform, for they knew before they left the patriot encampment that they were to enter the city, and so made preparations accordingly.

They stole away, and were soon at the rear of the jail.

They had got hold of a ladder, and this they placed against the wall, under the window in one of the cells on the second floor.

Then Bob climbed the ladder and tried the iron bars.

They were too strong to be loosened.

Then he descended and another window was tried.

It was the same way again.

Window after window was tried, with the same result.

At last, however, Bob found a window that had smaller bars, and one was loose. He managed to get this one loosened at one end, and pushed it aside. This left room for his body to pass through.

He tried the window, and found that he could raise it.

He did so, and then cautiously climbed through, into what he found to be a hallway.

He leaned out of the window and called down cautiously for two or three of the youths to come up.

Three did so.

Soon they stood beside him in the hall.

It was dark, but they did not need a light in order to make their way along.

They moved softly, for they realized that they might happen upon the jailor or an assistant at any moment.

They finally came to the end of the hall, and found a pair of stairs, which led downward to the ground floor.

They made their way down these.

They had made up their minds regarding what should be done.

They would make a prisoner of the jailor and any of the assistants who happened to be around, and then, with the keys in their possession, they could open cell after cell, till they found the one Dick was in.

They finally reached the ground floor, and saw a door near at hand. That it opened into the jailor's office, they were sure.

They stole forward, and tried the door.

It was not fastened.



They pushed the door open and looked in. The jailor and one of his assistants were there. The two were seated with their backs to the door. They were smoking and talking in low tones, taking things easy, as is the case with officials in odd hours.

The four Liberty Boys stole into the room, and approached the unsuspecting officials.

They were within arm's length of their intended victims when the creak of a shoe warned the two.

They leaped to their feet and whirled around.

They started to cry out, but were seized by the throat and arms, and although they struggled with all their might, they were quickly overpowered and tied and gagged.

They had not made any outcry that could have been heard outside.

Hanging over the jailor's desk was a huge bunch of keys.

Bob seized it, and said

"Two of you boys stay here and watch these men; Sam, come with me."

Sam Sanderson accompanied Bob, the other two remaining to watch the prisoners.

Bob tried cell after cell, but found them occupied by persons he had never seen before. Sam carried a candle, so they could see the inmates of the cells.

They tried every cell on the ground floor, without finding Dick, and then they went upstairs.

At last they found Dick.

He was sitting on the cot, and was not asleep.

When he saw the youths, he leaped up, with a cry of joy.

"Bob and Sam!" he exclaimed; "great guns, where did you come from, and how did you get here?"

Before Bob could answer they heard the sound of hurried footsteps, and the other two Liberty Boys appeared, panting and almost breathless.

"A party of British soldiers is downstairs!" one of the two cried; "they brought a prisoner, and we knew the best thing we could do would be to get away. We will have to hurry, or we will be captured!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ESCAPE.

"Come!" cried Bob; "back this way, all!" Then to Sam he added:

"Put out the light!"

Sam did so.

Then the five hastened back along the hall.

They heard footsteps on the stairs at the farther end of the hall, and excited voices.

"They are coming!" said Bob. "We will have to hurry."

They were soon at the end of the hall, and then, one after another, they climbed through the window, squeezed between the bars and climbed down the ladder.

Bob was the last to leave, for he was familiar with the way, more than was the case with Dick.

As he disappeared through the window, the redcoats appeared in the hall.

They were coming along on the run, and two of them carried lanterns.

They must have caught sight of Bob, for they gave utterance to shouts, and ran faster than ever.

"Hold on, there!" cried one.

Of course, Bob did not stop.

He went down the ladder as fast as possible.

The instant he reached the ground, Bob pulled the ladder way, and then the Liberty Boys scattered.

"Every fellow for himself," called out Dick; "whatever you do, don't let the redcoats capture you!"

"Meet where we left our horses," called out Bob.

Then he told Dick to come with him.

"We will stay together," he said; "for you don't know where the meeting-place is."

They kept to the back streets, where there were few street lamps.

They managed to reach the edge of the city without having been challenged, and then came the task of getting past the sentinels.

The alarm had gone forth that the prisoner, Dick Slater, had escaped, and the sentinels were on the alert.

This made it extremely difficult to get past them.

Their number had been trebled, too, which made it necessary to exercise all possible care.

Dick and Bob were expert at this kind of work, however.

They were as skillful and as patient as the red Indian of the forest, and that was just what was required in the present instance.

Onward they crept.

At one time they were not ten feet distant from two British sentinels, one being on either side of them.

They crouched there, silent and motionless for what seemed an age, but which was perhaps only five or ten minutes.

Then the two sentinels walked away, on their beats, and the Liberty Boys again resumed their progress.

They were through the lines, and were just on the point of raising up and hastening away when they heard a great hullabaloo back near where the sentinels were that they had just passed.

They heard a sound between a yell and a howl, and this was followed by a musket-shot, and then by another.

Then there were shouts and confusion.

The next moment a figure loomed up close to Dick and Bob. It was that of some one who was short and fat.

"It's Carl Gookenspieler!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes," agreed Dick.

They seized Carl by the arms and jerked him along at a much faster pace than he could have traveled unaided.

Carl was a brave youth, but had an unfortunate penchant for getting into trouble.



If anyone had a mishap it was certain to be the good-natured Dutch youth.

"Who is id, vat has got hold of me?" he exclaimed.

"It is your comrades, Dick and Bob," was the reply; "now run as fast as you can, and don't waste your breath asking questions."

"All righd."

Crack, crack!

Two musket-shots rang out.

A couple of sentinels had tried random shots at the fugitives.

The bullets did not come near the three; at any rate they did not hear the whizz of the missiles.

"Run, Carl!" exclaimed Bob. "Make those short legs of yours go as fast as you can."

"Dot is vat I vos doin', Pob."

Fortunately it was so dark that it was impossible to see very far, and so the fugitives were hidden from the sight of their pursuers.

This made it possible for them to escape. Had it not been for the darkness they could not have got away—or at least Carl could not have done so; and Dick and Bob would not have deserted him.

As it was, they made their escape, and presently they could hear no sounds of pursuit.

Then they slackened their speed to a walk.

"Dot is petter," panted Carl; "I vos almosd blayed oid, und dot is so."

"Where is Patsy Brannigan?" asked Bob. "Wasn't he with you?"

"Yah—vor avile. Den I vos runded away from him."

"I hope he hasn't been captured," said Dick.

"Oh, he'll get away," said Bob, confidently; "it will take a lot of redcoats to capture that Irishman."

"Yah, dot is so," agreed Carl.

On they walked, and an hour later they arrived at the home of Mr. Slade.

The majority of the Liberty Boys were already there, and within the next half hour all were on hand.

Not one had been captured; and Dick had been rescued!

They had done a wonderful thing.

They had succeeded in rescuing Dick right out from the midst of thousands of British soldiers.

General Washington had not believed it possible that they could do this; but they had done it nevertheless.

"What is the next thing on the tapis, Dick?" asked Bob, when all had arrived at the rendezvous.

"We will remain here overnight," was the reply. "Perhaps we may have something to do to-morrow."

"You think we may have a chance to strike a party of redcoats a blow?"

"Yes; they will send out parties to search for us, no doubt, and if we keep a sharp lookout we may succeed in striking one or more of these parties blows."

"That will suit me, Dick."

It would suit all the Liberty Boys, as was evidenced by the look on their faces.

Next morning, about an hour after the youths had breakfast, a scout who had been sent out by Dick to watch for the coming of the enemy, came in and reported that a force was coming.

"How strong a force?" asked Dick.

"Well, I should say there are two hundred of the redcoats."

"That isn't many," said Bob Estabrook.

"No, I guess we can handle that many," said Dick.

Then he ordered the youths to bridle and saddle their horses and move down the road to the top of a ridge, where they could make a good stand, after which, if they failed of forcing the redcoats to retreat, they could mount and ride away.

The youths quickly bridled and saddled their horses, and then mounted and rode to the top of the ridge, and dismounting, took up good positions behind the trees and stones.

The redcoats had not yet appeared in sight.

Presently they did come into view, however.

They stopped at the Slade home—the house being visible from where the Liberty Boys were.

A couple of redcoats, evidently officers, went to the house and talked to Mr. Slade a few minutes, after which they went back to the road, and then the force came marching up the road in the direction of the point where the Liberty Boys were.

"They'll be here in a few minutes," said Dick; "get ready for business, boys."

The youths cocked their muskets.

They were alert and eager.

They knew that they were outnumbered two to one, but little did they care for that.

Had they been outnumbered four to one, it would have been the same.

The Liberty Boys were utterly fearless. Sometimes they were reckless, but even on such occasions their recklessness was tempered with judgment.

Closer and closer came the redcoats.

It was plain they had not secured any information from Mr. Slade, for they did not seem to suspect that their enemy was near at hand.

On they came.

Just before the redcoats got to the foot of the slope leading to the ridge, however, they stopped.

The Liberty Boys were somewhat disappointed. They had been figuring on firing a volley into the ranks of the British in a few minutes.

"What did they stop for, anyhow?" grumbled Bob.

"We will soon know," replied Dick.

They kept their eyes on the redcoats.

Presently an exclamation of disappointment escaped the lips of Dick and Bob.

"They are suspicious," said the latter; "they are sending scouts up ahead."

"Yes," said Dick; "I fear that is going to spoil our plans."



"I am afraid so, Dick."

Four of the redcoats were seen to leave the force and enter the timber at the side of the road.

That they were going to steal up the slope and do some scouting was evident.

Unless they could be captured before they could give the alarm, it would be impossible to take the redcoats by surprise.

Dick quickly named a number of youths and sent them out to watch for the coming of the scouts and capture them, if such a thing were possible.

Presently there was the sound of a struggle off to the left, and a wild shout went up, evidently from the lips of one of the British scouts.

The shout served its purpose.

It gave the British warning.

It was seen that there was considerable excitement and commotion among the redcoats.

Then presently two of the redcoat scouts put in an appearance in the British ranks and the story they told must have been sufficient to satisfy the British that an enemy lurked on the top of the ridge, for they did not make any move to advance.

Then two of the parties of Liberty Boys appeared among their comrades, each party having a redcoat scout a prisoner.

The other two parties came in directly. They had failed to capture the two scouts, and had been forced to return empty-handed.

The Liberty Boys were disappointed.

It was not to be helped, however.

They felt that they would be a match for the British, even though the enemy knew of their presence, and could not be taken by surprise.

"What are we going to do, Dick?" asked Bob.

"Well, I think that we will stand our ground, and make a fight against the redcoats, Bob."

It was plain that all the Liberty Boys wanted to do the same thing.

They were always eager for a fight.

Presently the redcoats began to advance.

They did not advance in a body, up the road, however; instead, they scattered out and entered the timber.

It was plain that they intended to try to use the same tactics employed by the Liberty Boys.

They were not expert at this, however, and as they drew nearer it was seen that their bodies were far from being protected by the trees.

"We can bring a lot of them down, Dick," whispered Bob, his eyes glowing.

"So we can," agreed Dick.

Then he instructed the youths to take careful aim, and at the signal to fire.

They leveled their muskets.

Dick waited, and then suddenly gave utterance to a peculiar, tremulous whistle.

This was the signal to fire.

The youths obeyed it, instantly.

Crash—roar!

## CHAPTER VII.

### DICK'S SCHEME.

The youths were expert marksmen.

They had taken careful aim before firing, too.

The result was that they brought down at least fifteen of the redcoats.

They would have brought down more than that had it not been for the fact that in most instances several of the youths had aimed at the same redcoat. The result was that where the British soldier was dead, he was very dead indeed, with several bullets in him.

This was a shock to the redcoats.

They had not thought they were in such danger.

They became very angry, and the commander gave the order for them to charge.

"Charge, men!" he yelled; "charge and give it to the scoundrelly rebels!"

The redcoats dashed forward.

They fired their muskets as they came, and then held them in readiness to use in bayonetting the "rebels" to death.

The Liberty Boys were wide awake, however.

They fired two pistol-volleys in quick succession.

Considerable damage was done, for the redcoats were close enough, now, so that the pistols were as good and effective as muskets.

Dick did not intend to permit his brave boys to come to a hand-to-hand combat with the British, however.

This would not do, for the enemy outnumbered his force nearly two to one, and in a hand-to-hand combat force of numbers always tells.

So, when the redcoats were near at hand, he gave a signal, and the youths whirled and ran to where their horses stood. To untie the animals, mount and dash away was the work of only a few moments.

The British had followed as swiftly as possible, and now, seeing their intended victims riding away, they drew their pistols and fired a volley.

Three of the Liberty Boys received wounds, but not sufficient to bring them out of their saddles.

The Liberty Boys rode onward a mile, and then came to a stop on the top of another ridge.

Here they dismounted and the wounds of the injured youths were dressed by those who were skilled in such matters.

Do you think they will follow us, Dick?" asked Bob.

"I hardly think so, Bob. Still, they may do so."

At this moment one of the youths gave utterance to an exclamation.



"Great guns, Dick!" he cried, "here comes a strong force of British troopers!"

The youths looked in the direction in which they had been going, but toward which they had turned their backs, on dismounting, and saw a force of troopers numbering at least one hundred coming at a gallop.

The troopers had seen them, the youths knew, for they were urging their horses along with whip and spur.

Dick glanced in the opposite direction, and caught sight of the force of British foot soldiers coming.

The Liberty Boys were between two fires!

"We must take to the timber, boys!" Dick cried; "yonder comes the other force, and we can't fight so many."

The youths seized their horses by the halter-straps and led them into the timber at the roadside.

"We must keep on going," said Dick; "we must not stop here."

They did keep on going, and got deeper and deeper into the timber.

At last they came to the top of a hill, and here they stopped and went into camp.

From where they were, they could see a good-sized log house, away down in the valley, beside a winding road.

"We will visit that house and get some provisions," said Dick.

"Are we to stay here, Dick?" asked Bob.

"A while, Bob; till we see what the redcoats are going to do."

"Well, one thing is certain, this is as strong a position as we could wish for."

"True, Bob."

Dick seemed thoughtful during the afternoon.

He walked around and made a careful examination of the hill they were encamped on.

There were two tops to the hill, with a shallow little valley between. One top lay right north from where the Liberty Boys were encamped, they being on the south one.

"What are you thinking about, Dick?" asked Bob, at last.

"I have a scheme in my mind, Bob," was the reply. "I think I know how we may strike the redcoats a severe blow."

"Good for you. Let's have your scheme, Dick."

"It is this, Bob: To have the British decoyed to the top of the hill, over yonder, under the impression that we are there, and then we will attack them from the rear, and play havoc with them."

Bob nodded, his eyes shining.

"That will be great, if you can make a success of it," he said.

"Well, I think it can be made a success."

"How are you going to go about it?"

"I'll tell you: In order to lure the British here, we will have to have a decoy."

"Yes."

"Well, I think that Indian, Red Rover, will be just the fellow for the work."

Bob looked thoughtful.

"Do you think he is to be fully trusted?" he asked.

"I think so. Didn't he come to you and tell you I was a prisoner in the hands of the British in Philadelphia, and didn't he come and help rescue me?"

"Yes, he did that."

"Exactly; and he is grateful to me for having saved him from the redcoats when they were forcing him to leap into the river."

"That's so; I guess he will be faithful."

"I am sure of it."

"When are you going to put your plan into effect?"

"As soon as possible."

"You can't do it to-day."

"No; it will take a day or two to get the matter worked up. I wish to draw a false map of these tops of the hill—that is to say, I will draw them correctly, and then indicate the wrong one in marking the one we are supposed to be on."

"And you are going to have the Indian take this false map to the British?"

"Yes."

"He will claim that he drew it himself, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"But you have no paper, ink, or quill. How will you make the drawing?"

"I will go to that house down in the valley. They will have the writing materials I will need, likely."

"Probably."

Dick got ready, gave Bob some instructions, and then set out for the settler's home.

Half an hour later he arrived there.

The settler's name was Doan, and he was a patriot. Having learned this, Dick told him who he was. Mr. Doan had heard of the Liberty Boys and of Dick, and he gave the youth a cordial greeting.

Mrs. Doan and Maggie, their daughter, greeted Dick pleasantly, also, and then writing materials were brought forth, and he was told to make himself comfortable.

He sat down at a table in the sitting-room and began the work.

He made a drawing of the hill, showing both tops, and he marked the north top with an X.

When he had finished he folded the map and placed it in his pocket.

He told Mr. Doan where the Liberty Boys were encamped, and the settler said that the hill was called Quaker Hill.

Dick asked if he could buy some provisions, and the settler said he was welcome to all he wanted without pay.

"Thank you," the youth said; "I will send some of my Liberty Boys here when I go back, and you may let them have what you can spare in the way of meats and vegetables."

Then he bade them goodby and took his departure.

He was at the encampment within half an hour, and at once sent ten of the youths after the provisions.



"Now I will go and see Red Rover," he said.

He set out, and arrived safely at the log cabin in the forest an hour later.

Red Rover and the hunter, Luke Sheddin, were there.

They were smoking and taking things easy.

In one corner were a lot of provisions, and it was evident that they had been making a raid on somebody's larder.

They greeted Dick cordially, however, for both had taken a liking to the handsome Liberty Boy.

"Have a smoke?" invited Red Rover.

Dick shook his head and smiled.

"I do not smoke," he said.

Then he told the Indian what he wished done.

The redskin listened intently, and when the youth had finished he noticed he nodded his head and said:

"Red Rover do um."

"Good!" said Dick; "I was sure that you would."

It was now sundown, and Dick told the Indian to wait till next day, and then to go and find the redcoats and play the part that had been assigned to him. This part was that of one who was in sympathy with the British cause, and who had a grudge against the Liberty Boys.

Then, being sure that Red Rover understood just what was expected of him, Dick bade the two goodbye and took his departure.

He had gone only about halfway to the encampment when he was startled by hearing a cry for help.

"Help! Help!" was the cry, and it was the voice of a woman.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BLIND GIRL.

Dick hastened forward in the direction the voice sounded from.

He quickly came to a little glade, in the middle of which he saw a woman standing.

It was just coming on dark, and he could see the woman only dimly—just sufficiently so that he could make out that the person really was a woman.

He saw nobody else around, and wondered why the woman was calling for help.

He advanced rapidly but warily, and his hand was on the butt of a pistol and he was watching keenly. He did not intend to permit himself to be taken by surprise.

As he drew near the woman she again called out:

"Help! Help!"

Dick looked all around him quickly and searchingly; no one was in sight other than the woman—or girl, rather, so he judged from her voice.

Dick advanced still farther and then said:

"Have no fear, lady; help is at hand."

A cry of delight escaped the girl's lips.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed.

Dick advanced till he was close to the girl, and then said:

"What is the trouble, miss? Why were you calling for help? Does danger threaten, and if so, from what source? I see no sign of anyone in the vicinity other than ourselves."

"Oh, sir, I am not in danger from anybody, so far as I know," was the reply; "I am lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes, sir; I don't know where I am, or where to go."

"Do you live in this vicinity?"

"I did, sir," in a sad voice.

"Did?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Simply that my home is no more, sir; this evening some British soldiers came and, after robbing the house and beating father because he was a patriot, they burned the house."

"And you fled and got lost?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long ago was that?"

"About two hours."

"And you are lost? How is that? You should know your way about, I should think."

"I would know my way about, sir, if——"

The girl paused and hesitated.

"If what?" asked Dick.

"If I could see, sir."

Dick was surprised.

"If you could see? What do you mean?"

"Simply that I am blind, sir," was the reply, in a low, sad voice.

"Blind!" exclaimed Dick, surprise and sympathy in his voice.

"Yes, sir; I have not been away from home, alone, in years, and I have no idea where I am at the present moment."

"Poor girl!" the Liberty Boy exclaimed; "yours is indeed a sad case. I am glad that I came along and found you."

"So am I, sir, for I like your voice and am sure that you are honest."

"I should hope so, and now, what is your name, Miss?"

"Lucy Loraine."

"Did the redcoats—but surely they did not—kill your father?"

"I think not, sir; I hope not. But they beat him and must have knocked him senseless."

"And your mother—was she——"

"My mother has been dead many years, sir."

"Ah; well, where shall I take you, Miss Loraine? I don't know where your home is, or was, and you can't tell me."

"I know a few of the neighbors, sir; you might take me to the home of one of them."

"Name one that you are acquainted with."

"I know some folks by the name of Doan. They have a daughter, Maggie, and she is my friend."



"I know where they live; it is quite a walk from here, but I guess you can hold out. Shall we go there?"

"Yes, yes."

"Take my arm, Miss Loraine, and we will go."

The girl took the youth's arm, and they set out.

Dick walked slowly, for he knew the girl could not walk with such ease as would have been the case had she had the use of her eyes.

Then, too, he was in no hurry.

He could afford to go slowly.

Presently they came to the road that led past the Doan home, and then the walking was better.

An hour later they arrived at the Doan home.

Dick knocked on the door, which was opened by Maggie. When she saw who the callers were she uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Mr. Slater!" she cried. "And Lucy Loraine!"

Then she stepped back, and added:

"Come in, come in!"

Dick assisted the girl to enter the house, and then followed.

Maggie Doan at once took charge of her friend, the blind girl, and conducted her to a seat, while Dick greeted Mr. and Mrs. Doan.

"What is the trouble? Why are you here?" Maggie asked, and the blind girl explained, the same as she had to Dick.

The Liberty Boy had improved the opportunity to take a good look at Lucy Loraine, and he noted that, were it not that she was blind she would be counted a most beautiful girl, in any company.

She seemed to be about eighteen years old.

Knowing that Lucy would receive all possible care at the hands of her friends, Dick suggested to Mr. Doan that they go to the Loraine home—or to where it had stood—and see if they could learn what had been the fate of Mr. Loraine.

"I am ready to go," said Mr. Doan.

"Oh, thank you, very much!" said Lucy, gratefully. "I am anxious about father."

The two set out at once.

Dick learned, to his surprise, that it was less than two miles to the home of Lucy Loraine.

When Dick came upon the girl she had been farther from Mr. Doan's home than when she was at her own home.

They arrived at the place where the Loraine house had stood, after a walk of three-quarters of an hour.

The house had been burned to the ground, and the logs were in a pile on the ground, and still burning.

They heard a groan, and made their way in the direction of the sound.

Soon they came upon the form of a man lying on the ground.

The smoldering fire threw out light sufficient so that they could see the man's face with tolerable distinctness, and Mr. Doan at once exclaimed:

"It is Mr. Loraine."

As he spoke the words, the injured man rose to a sitting posture and said:

"Where am I?"

Mr. Doan explained matters to him as well as he could, and Mr. Loraine listened, but with rather a dazed look on his face.

"Lucy—where is Lucy?"

"She is at my home, Mr. Loraine," was the reply. "You know me, don't you? I am Robert Doan."

"Oh, yes. I know Bob Doan. But the redcoats, where are they?"

"Gone."

"And they burned my house to the ground!"

"Yes; and they beat you, did they not?"

"Yes; I thought they would kill me."

"How do you feel now?"

"My head—pains—me."

"Perhaps it will be better by and by."

"I—hope—so."

"Can you stand up, do you think?"

"I think so."

The two assisted the injured man to rise.

"Can you walk?" asked Dick.

"Yes, I think so."

"Do you think you could walk to my home, if we help you?"

"Yes, I guess I could."

"Very well; we will start, then, and when we get there we will attend to your injuries."

"Oh, I'm not badly hurt."

They set out, and an hour and a half later they arrived at the Doan home.

Lucy was delighted when told that her father was not badly injured.

Dick helped Mr. Doan dress the wounds on Mr. Loraine's head; then he bade all good-night, and took his departure.

He was afraid that the Liberty Boys would be uneasy because of his extended absence.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE INDIAN DECOY.

"Well, Dick, where in the name of all that is wonderful have you been?"

Such was the query put to Dick by Bob Estabrook when he arrived at the encampment on Quaker Hill.

All the youths were up. They had been uneasy, and would not lie down until after they knew their commander was safe.

Dick told them what had detained him.

The story interested them, and many were the exclamations of amazement when Dick told of finding the blind girl lost in the forest.

"And the redcoats burned her home!" said one, anger and scorn of the redcoats in his voice.



"Oh, they will do anything," from another.

Then Bob asked Dick if he had succeeded in getting Red Rover to aid them.

"Yes," replied Dick. "He is willing to act as a decoy."

"I thought he would be."

"Yes, he is glad to do so. He hates the redcoats, and will be glad to get them into trouble."

Next morning, soon after breakfast, Dick and Bob set out on a scouting expedition.

They hoped to learn the whereabouts of the British force, and were successful.

They stationed themselves on the side of a hill, where they could get a good view of the British, and watched eagerly.

There were about five hundred soldiers in the party.

"Say, that is quite a compliment to us, Dick," said Bob, in speaking of the number of the redcoats."

"In what way, Bob?"

"Why, the fact that there are so many of the British. They are after us, and they must know there are not to exceed one hundred of us. That is complimentary to us, isn't it?"

"Well, it shows that they appreciate our fighting abilities, at any rate," with a smile.

"You are right."

One, two hours passed, and then suddenly Bob exclaimed:

"Look yonder, Dick."

Dick looked in the direction indicated, and saw an Indian coming up the road toward the British encampment."

"It is Red Rover!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; he's going to do his part, as he agreed."

"I knew he would."

"I was pretty sure of it."

A few moments later, Dick said:

"Some of the troopers are starting down the road; they will meet Red Rover at a point just about opposite to us."

"You are right."

The troopers came riding around the foot of the hill, and sure enough they met the Indian at a point just opposite where the two Liberty Boys were concealed.

The troopers reined up their horses and a couple of their number leaped to the ground and advanced to where the redskin stood.

It was indeed Red Rover, and as the two troopers paused in front of him, he ducked his head and said:

"How?"

"How, redskin," replied one. "Who are you?"

"Injun's name Red Rover."

"Where do you live?"

The redskin gestured toward the west.

"Way yonder," he said.

"What are you doing here?"

"Injun have work t' do. Bad white young men kill some of Red Rover's people, long time 'go. Injun here t' git revenge."

"Who were the bad white young men?"

"Call umselves Liberty Boys."

The troopers started and looked at each other significantly.

"Ah, so the Liberty Boys are the fellows who have wronged you, eh?" remarked one.

"Ugh."

"I suppose that you don't know their whereabouts?"

The Indian's eyes glowed.

"Me know where um at," he said.

"You do?" eagerly.

"Ugh."

"Where are they?"

"Injun got paper that show where bad white young men at," at the same time drawing the map from his pocket.

The troopers looked at the redskin in surprise.

"Where did you get the paper?" asked one.

"Me make um," was the reply.

"Why did you do it?"

"Injun on way t' big city t' try t' git soldiers t' go an' fight Liberty Boys. Injun make map uv place where bad white young men in camp, so him could show it t' soldiers."

"Ah, so that was your scheme, eh?"

"Ugh."

"Very good. Let us see the paper."

The Indian decoy handed the false map to one of the British officers.

They examined it eagerly.

"Now we will capture those Liberty Boys!" exclaimed one of the officers.

Dick and Bob, watching from the hillside, saw it all.

The two troopers were delighted.

They were eager to find the Liberty Boys and capture them, for it would be a big feather in their caps if they could do so.

When they had examined the map, they asked:

"Are the Liberty Boys encamped on the hill marked with an X?"

The Indian nodded.

"Ugh!" he grunted.

"How far is it to the hill?"

"Bout three mile."

"You will guide us thither?"

"Ugh; me show way."

"Come to the encampment with us," said the trooper.

Then the party made its way back to the encampment, the redskin going along.

Dick and Bob watched the redcoats and the Indian with no small degree of satisfaction.

"The affair is working out all right, Dick," said Bob.

"So it would seem, Bob."

"Yes; there can be no doubt regarding that. Red Rover has certainly fooled them."

"I was sure that he could do so."

They conversed and watched the British.

They soon noted that the redcoats were stirring at a great rate.

"They are getting ready to break camp, Dick."

"Yes."



The youths watched and waited, and an hour later they saw the redcoats march out of the encampment.

In the lead, walking beside the commanding officer, was Red Rover.

He was to guide the redcoats to the encampment of the Liberty Boys.

"Well, Bob, I guess we had better be going," said Dick.

"Yes; we know what is on the tapis, and now the thing for us to do is to get back and get ready to make things lively for the redcoats."

"You are right."

They set out and walked rapidly.

They took a short cut, straight through the timber.

This would enable them to reach their encampment quite a while before the redcoats would be able to appear in the vicinity.

They arrived at their encampment in due time, and told the youths to get ready.

"The redcoats are coming, then?" asked Mark Morrison.

"Yes," replied Dick; "they will be here soon."

"And they think we are on the other top of the hill?"

"Yes; and while they are advancing toward that point we will slip up on them and give them a blow that they won't forget in a hurry."

The youths quickly made their preparations.

Every firearm in their possession was loaded and ready for use.

Bob Estabrook climbed to the top of a tree and watched for the coming of the enemy.

At last he called down:

"I see them!"

"Where are they?" asked Dick.

"About three-quarters of a mile away. They are just starting up the hill."

"In the direction of the other hilltop?"

"Yes."

"Very good; keep watch, and when they get around into the little valley, let me know."

"Do you think they will come around there?"

"I instructed Red Rover to guide them thither."

"Then he will do it."

"I think so."

A few minutes later Bob called down:

"They are coming into the little valley, Dick."

"Good! Come down, Bob. We will get ready for business."

Bob was quickly down out of the tree, and then the youths moved slowly and cautiously down toward the little valley.

They moved slowly, for they intended to wait till the British were starting up the slope, before attacking them.

The Liberty Boys reached the little valley, and moved across it. It was not open ground; there were enough trees and bushes to hide them from the view of the redcoats.

When they came to the slope leading to the other top of the hill, the youths were almost within musket-shot distance of the enemy.

The British were not thinking of such a thing as that

danger lurked in the rear; their eyes were turned toward the front.

The Liberty Boys moved forward as rapidly as they could, and yet not make much noise.

Closer and closer they drew to the British.

They kept on till they were within easy pistol-shot distance, and then Dick gave the signal to pause and fire a volley.

The Liberty Boys stopped and took careful aim.

Then they pulled trigger.

The volley rang out loudly.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BATTLE OF QUAKER HILL.

A clap of thunder from a sky innocent of clouds would not have astonished the redcoats more; and it would not have damaged them, whereas the volley did a lot of damage.

One thing Dick always insisted upon, and that was that the youths should take careful aim before firing, always—unless they were fighting in the dark, and could not see to take aim.

The result of taking aim instead of firing at random was that good execution was invariably done.

It was so in this instance.

At least thirty of the redcoats went down, dead and wounded.

Shrieks, groans and yells went up.

The redcoats whirled, so as to face the foes.

They were given two pistol-volleys full in the face, and this staggered them.

Then they fired a volley in return.

It was fired hastily, however, and at random.

Several of the Liberty Boys were wounded, but not so seriously as to make them incapable of keeping at work.

Quickly the youths drew two more pistols—each youth had four—and two more volleys were fired.

Then the Liberty Boys retreated so quickly and promptly that the enemy was unable to fire upon them in time to do any damage.

To say that the redcoats were angry is putting it too mildly. They fairly boiled with rage. They almost frothed at the mouth.

They felt that they had been duped, decoyed; and then they thought of the Indian who had acted as the decoy.

Where was he? they asked.

They searched for him, but failed to find him.

Red Rover was far too clever to remain around, under such circumstances. He knew that an inquiry would be instituted, and that the redcoats would want to know how it had happened that he had guided them to the hilltop on which the Liberty Boys were not located, instead of to the one on which they were stationed.

Not caring to have to answer any such questions, the red-skin had slipped away with the silence, celerity and stealthiness of his race.



The Liberty Boys retreated to their encampment on the other hilltop.

Here they paused and hastily reloaded their muskets and pistols.

"Do you think they will come over here and attack us?" asked Bob.

"I don't know," replied Dick; "they may do so."

"Yes; they are an angry lot, I'll wager, and they will be eager to get revenge."

Just then Red Rover put in an appearance.

The youths greeted him cordially.

There was a glow in the redskin's eyes, a look on his impassive face that showed that he was well pleased with the way things had gone.

"How are you, Red Rover?" said Dick, extending his hand.

"Injun feel heap good," was the reply, as he took Dick's hand; "Red Rover think redcoats git pay fur makin' um jump in river heap lot of times."

Dick nodded.

"You have certainly helped to make trouble for them, Red Rover," he said; "so you can by right take credit to yourself and feel that you have in a measure at least squared your account with them."

"Ugh. Me even with redcoats. But Red Rover reddey t' do more. Injun hate redcoats—always!"

"All right, Red Rover; you may stay here with us and fight the British, if they come and make an attack."

The Indian nodded.

"Me do um," he said.

The Liberty Boys kept a sharp lookout for the British.

Presently they saw the enemy advancing.

It was plain that, confident in their superior numbers, the redcoats were going to make an attack.

Dick ordered the youths to bridle and saddle the horses, and have them in readiness so that they might be mounted quickly.

"We will stand our ground and treat the redcoats to as many volleys as possible," said Dick; "and then we will mount our horses and get away in a hurry. The redcoats outnumber us too greatly for us to think of meeting them at close quarters."

The Liberty Boys were ready to do as they were told, no matter what the order might be.

Closer and closer came the British.

They advanced cautiously, for they had one experience with their intended victims, and knew that their reception would be a warm one.

Dick was pretty sure he knew what the enemy's intentions were.

The redcoats would advance slowly and cautiously till they were almost within musket-shot distance, and then they would make a sudden dash forward.

They would try to make the one dash settle the affair. They thought they would be able to overwhelm the Liberty Boys.

But they did not yet understand Dick Slater, or give him credit for the shrewdness that he possessed.

Closer and still closer came the British.

Dick was watching them closely.

He was sizing the situation up, and presently he made up his mind that the enemy was within range of the muskets.

He gave the signal, and the youths leveled their weapons and took careful aim.

The British saw this action, and their commander called out:

"Charge, men! Charge the scoundrels!"

The redcoats dashed forward.

"Fire!" ordered Dick.

The Liberty Boys obeyed.

The volley rang out loudly.

A number of the redcoats went down, but it had no effect on the rest. They kept on coming.

"Now the pistols!" cried Dick.

The youths drew pistols and fired two volleys in quick succession.

The redcoats then fired a volley.

One Liberty Boy was killed and three were wounded.

The youths returned the empty weapons to their belts and drew the other pistols.

Again they fired—two volleys.

A number of the British went down, and then the youths turned and ran to where their horses stood.

They leaped into the saddles and dashed away.

Knowing that they were likely to be fired upon before they were out of range they leaned forward upon the necks of their horses.

They were none too soon in doing this.

A volley rang out, and two of the horses went down, mortally wounded, their riders being thrown head over heels.

Luckily neither of the youths was seriously injured, and they leaped up and darted away through the timber.

One or two had been slightly wounded by bullets, but none were brought off their horses.

They were out of range before the redcoats could fire another volley.

The Liberty Boys had not much difficulty in making their way down the hillside on horseback, for at this point there was but little to obstruct their progress. There were very few trees and not much underbrush.

They rode down the hill and reached the road.

They turned to the left and rode in the direction of the home of the Doans.

They did not go far, however. Dick did not intend to leave the vicinity until he learned the fate of the two Liberty Boys who had been thrown from their horses.

He gave the order to halt, when they had gone about half a mile, and then the youths dismounted and led their horses in among the trees.

Half an hour passed, during which time the wounded youths had their wounds dressed, and then the two Liberty Boys who had been thrown from their horses put in an ap-



pearance. And immediately afterward the Indian, Red Rover appeared.

He was slightly wounded, but looked very well satisfied.

"We killed lot of redcoats," he said; "Red Rover heap glad."

Dick sent out a couple of scouts, to spy on the British and see what they were doing.

One of the scouts came back, presently, and said that the British had buried their dead, and were now marching away, carrying their wounded with them.

"Then the battle of Quaker Hill is ended," said Dick.

"And we got the best of the affair," said Bob Estabrook, with a satisfied grin.

Dick now gave the order for the youths to return to Quaker Hill.

"We will go into camp there," he said; "it is a good place for a camp, and I don't think there is much danger that the redcoats will come back and try to attack us."

The Liberty Boys were soon back at their old camping-place, and it would not take them long to have things about as they were before the battle.

There was only one face missing; one Liberty Boy had lost his life in the battle. The youths were saddened somewhat, but they realized that they had reason to be thankful that they had not lost more of their number.

Red Rover, the Indian decoy, took his departure, after telling Dick that he would be at the cabin in the forest for some time yet, and that if he was needed, to send for him.

"I want to help all I can," he said; "Injun hate redcoats."

"Thank you," said Dick.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A DARING PLAN.

"Where are you going, Dick?"

"To the city."

"What for?"

"To finish up the work that was interrupted the time I was captured."

"Oh, you are going to try to secure information regarding the intentions of the British, eh?"

"Yes; General Washington wishes this, and I am going to try to make a good job of it, this time."

Dick Slater was getting ready to leave the encampment.

It was just coming on dark, and Bob Estabrook had approached and made the inquiry given above.

"You had better let me go along with you, Dick," said Bob.

The other shook his head.

"No, I can work better alone," he said.

"But you tried that, once, and was captured."

"I was captured before I got to Philadelphia; I will see to it that this doesn't happen again."

"You had better; for it would be a difficult matter for us to rescue you a second time."

"It would be practically impossible, I judge."

"So it would."

Dick mounted his horse and rode away.

Some of the Liberty Boys, who had been sent out as scouts had told Dick that the party of redcoats had gone back to Philadelphia, so he did not fear running against them.

On he rode, and at last he paused in the timber, two miles west of the city.

Here he dismounted and tied his horse.

Then he set out cityward afoot.

He managed to get into the city without being seen by the sentinels.

He made his way down the main street, and was careful to keep his face shaded by his hat brim.

Many of the redcoats would recognize him, if they got a good look at his face, for many had seen him when he was a prisoner.

Dick paused whenever he came near a group of redcoats and listened to their conversation.

In this manner he succeeded in picking up a great deal of valuable information.

He was standing with his back toward the building, listening to the conversation of five redcoats, when suddenly he felt himself seized from behind. Before he could make a move to struggle or protect himself he was jerked through a doorway, and the door went shut with a clang, and the bar was dropped into place.

Dick supposed that he was in a hallway, but could see nothing, it being dark as Erebus. He could not see his assailants, but he judged, by the number of hands that had hold of him, that there must be at least three of them.

Dick did not offer to struggle, for he knew it would avail him nothing.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a steady voice; "and why have you done this?"

"You shall know in due time," was the reply; "have patience."

Then they conducted him along the hall, and through a doorway, into a room. Dick heard the door close, and a key grate in the lock, and then a man entered from an adjoining room, bearing two candles, which he placed on a table near the center of the room—which was evidently a library, there being books in shelves along the wall.

There were four of the men, and Dick eyed them with interest and curiosity.

He was reassured by his survey, for the men did not look like villains. Dick was very favorably impressed with them.

One, an old man, gray-haired and fine-looking, said:

"Give me your word that you will not try to escape or give an alarm, and we will not bind your arms."

Dick hesitated, and then said:

"Very well; I give you my word that I will not make an attempt to escape, just at present."

"Good; now Captain Slater——"



"You know me?" exclaimed Dick, taken aback.

"Oh, yes; we saw you when you were a prisoner here, and when we saw you, through the window, a few minutes ago, we recognized you at once."

Dick looked at the men in rather a puzzled manner. He wondered what they could want with him.

He said nothing, however, but regarded the speaker inquiringly.

"I will now tell you why we have brought you here," said the spokesman. "We are, as you may have guessed, patriots like yourself."

The man paused and looked as though he expected Dick to say something.

"I did not know whether to think you were patriots or not," said Dick; "but I am glad to learn that such is the case."

"It is the truth; but of course, we have to be very careful. We pretend to be loyalists. We have done a great deal of thinking, of late, and have thought out a plan for General Washington to capture Philadelphia."

"Indeed?" said Dick.

"Yes; I believe it can be done."

"I would like to think it possible, sir."

"It is, I am sure; all that will be necessary is that your commander-in-chief be placed in possession of the knowledge that we possess."

"That ought to be very easy and simple. I will gladly take it to him."

"That is the point, exactly. That is what we wished that you might do."

"I shall be glad to do so. I am here to obtain all the information possible."

"So we supposed."

"Yes."

"Then that is settled. All that is necessary is that we shall explain what our plan is."

"I shall be glad to hear it."

"And I shall be glad to tell you what the plan is." With this, he went ahead, and told his plan. It was that the patriot army should come down the Delaware River in boats, make a landing at a point to be designated by the four men, and then make an attack on the British from the heart of the city.

"I see," said Dick; "instead of attacking the British from the outside, we would attack them from within."

"You have the idea. What do you think of it?"

"I hardly know. Do you think it possible that we could enter the city as you have figured, without being discovered by the British?"

"Yes, I think it possible. I believe it can be successfully accomplished."

Then the man brought forth a paper from a drawer in the table, and spread it out in front of Dick.

It was a drawing of the Delaware River, where it touched the city, the streets being marked and named.

At a certain point was a cross-mark, and the man pointed to this and said:

"There is an old empty warehouse there, and I am confident that the entire patriot army can make a landing there without the fact being discovered or even suspected by the British. And once the patriots are in the warehouse, they can steal up the street, until they are in the heart of the British encampment."

"But," said Dick "the British soldiers will be in the buildings, and it will be impossible to get at them."

"There is to be a parade and review of the British troops three nights from now," said the man; "that would be a splendid time to make an attack. What do you think—could the patriot army get here by that time?"

"I think so," said Dick.

"And will you take this paper to your commander-in-chief and explain the plan to him?"

"Yes; of course, I cannot say whether or not he will be in favor of the plan."

"Oh, of course not."

Dick and the four men conversed an hour, at least, and then the Liberty Boy said he must be going.

He bade them good-by, and was conducted to the door. He stepped out upon the street, and was pleased to note that no redcoats were near.

He made his way along, keeping back on the darker streets, for he was afraid he might be seen and recognized if he remained on the main street.

He succeeded in reaching the edge of the city, and then came the ordeal of getting past the sentinels.

This he accomplished successfully, but it took quite a while, there being, for some reason, double the usual number on duty.

"The British must be looking for trouble," Dick thought.

Then he hastened onward, and presently reached the spot where he had left his horse.

Untying Major, Dick mounted and rode away.

He decided to go to the place where the patriot army was encamped, that night, but he would first go to the Liberty Boys encampment and let the youths know where he was going, so that they would not worry about him.

He reached the Liberty Boys encampment in due time, and found that Bob was with one of the sentinels. He explained to Bob, and then rode onward in the direction of the encampment of the patriot army.

He arrived there about two o'clock in the morning, and at once lay down to get some rest before daylight.

He ate breakfast with a company of soldiers, all the members of which he knew well, and then he went to headquarters.

General Washington gave Dick a cordial greeting. He listened to Dick's report with interest, and then took the drawing the man had given the youth and examined it closely.

When he had finished, he laid the paper on the table and looked thoughtfully at the floor.

Then he looked at Dick and said:

"That is about the most daring plan I have ever heard of, Dick."



The youth nodded assent.

"That is what I think, your excellency," he said.

"I hardly know what to think about it," he went on; "I judge that it will be best to hold a council, and see what the members of my staff think about it."

He called a council of war, and the members of the staff were told what was in the wind.

When they heard of the daring plan that was advocated by the four patriots in Philadelphia they stared in amazement.

Like the commander-in-chief, they thought it the most daring scheme that could be conceived.

They talked it over in all its phases.

They weighed the possibilities of success.

It was decided at last, that the plan was not feasible.

"It is too daring, too risky for us to engage in," said General Washington.

The others coincided with this view of the case.

"So you may return to Philadelphia and tell the gentlemen, that, while we appreciate their kindness, we cannot enter upon the plan suggested," the commander-in-chief told Dick.

"Very well, your excellency," said Dick.

"While in the city, you will do your best to secure information regarding the intentions of the British, Dick."

"Yes, sir."

Then the youth mounted his horse and rode away.

He went to the Liberty Boys encampment, and told them that the attempt to enter Philadelphia was not to be made.

The youths were disappointed, for they hoped that the attempt would be made.

It was just the kind of work that they liked.

Nothing could be too daring or desperate for them to attempt, and there had been great possibilities in the plan for entering the city and making the attack.

"Jove, but I wish they had decided to try the plan," said Bob Estabrook, in a disappointed voice.

"Why so, Bob?" with a smile.

"You know why; I wanted a chance to give it to the redcoats at close range. It would have been a big feather in our caps if we had slipped in and attacked the redcoats right in the heart of the city."

"Yes, but we might have got the worst of the affair, Bob, and that would have been rather a costly feather."

"Perhaps that is so."

"Yes; I am inclined to think that it would have been an unwise thing had the patriot army tried to enter the city. I doubt if the affair could have been made a success."

Dick remained in the encampment till the middle of the afternoon, and then he mounted his horse and rode away.

He arrived at the home of Mr. Slade an hour before sundown, and paused there to greet the members of the family.

He decided to leave his horse here and walk the rest of the way to the city, for he thought it possible that he might have to remain there several days, and he would not wish to leave Major tied in the timber.

Mr. Slade said he would attend to the horse, and feed and water him regularly, the same as he did his own animals.

Dick ate supper at the Slade home, and then bade the members of the family good-by and took his departure.

He had gone about half a mile when he heard voices. The voices sounded from just around a bend in the road.

A few moments later Dick came in sight of the speakers, and he was surprised to see that one was the Indian, Red Rover; the other, after a little thought, he remembered as being the lieutenant who had command of the party that had made the redskin dive into the river again and again, the time Dick interfered and frightened the redcoats away.

The Indian had a pistol in his hand, and it was leveled at the lieutenant, who was glaring at the redskin with murder in his eyes.

## CHAPTER XII.

### RED ROVER SETTLES AN ACCOUNT.

The sun was down, but it was not yet so dark as to make it impossible to see fairly well.

Dick could, as has been said, see the expression on the faces of the two actors in the drama before him; on the Indian's face was grim satisfaction, on that of the lieutenant hatred and anger.

"Know what Injun goin' t' do?" were the first words Dick heard after he came in sight of the scene.

"No. What?" was the reply.

"Goin' t' kill redcoat."

"The best thing you can do, redskin, is to go your way, and let me go mine," snarled the lieutenant.

"Why um think so?"

"Because, if you fire at me, and fail to kill me, then I will kill you."

"Mebby so; mebbly not."

"I'll do it, as sure as my name is Lieutenant Bond!"

"Red Rover no 'fraid. Redcoat have fun with Injun, one day; now Injun goin' t' pay um back."

The lieutenant seemed to realize that the redskin meant what he said, so now he spoke up.

"See here," he said. "You have taken me at a disadvantage, redskin. Now, be fair, and give me a chance. Let's make it a fair fight. Let me have the use of a weapon, the same as yourself."

The Indian grinned, and a cunning look appeared on his face.

"Would paleface do Injun that way?" he asked, shrewdly.

"Of course I would," was the reply.

But the Indian was not deceived. He shrugged his shoulders, and said, sententiously:

"Me no b'leeve."



"And you are right in not believing, Red Rover," said Dick to himself. "That fellow would shoot you down like a dog, without giving you any chance."

The lieutenant was disappointed. He glared at the Indian like a wild animal at bay.

Then he suddenly leaped forward, knocking the muzzle of the pistol aside as he did so.

The Indian pulled the trigger, and the weapon was discharged. The bullet went wild, the lieutenant not being injured.

"Now I have you, you dirty redskin!" the redcoat cried, as he seized hold of the Indian.

The lieutenant was a well-built, strong, and athletic young man, and he doubtless imagined that in a hand-to-hand combat he would be the redskin's master.

But he had for an opponent one who had all his life been used to the fresh, open air, and who was strong and athletic, and who was, moreover, gifted with wonderful staying qualities.

The Indian was fully as strong as the redcoat, and the struggle promised to be a fierce one.

Dick did not think it proper that he should interfere. The Indian had a just grievance against the redcoat, and should be permitted to have it out with his enemy.

So the Liberty Boy stood there, silent and motionless, and watched the combat with interest.

He felt that it was a combat that would end fatally for one or the other of the two combatants. He knew that the Indian would kill the redcoat, if he could, and he was equally certain that the lieutenant would not scruple to put an end to the life of the Indian if he could do so.

So it was certainly a combat for life or death.

The two did not waste breath in threats or remarks. They saved it for the work in hand.

The two moved this way and that. They swayed back and forth; they tugged and strained, and each tried to get some advantage over the other.

For a time this seemed impossible of accomplishment. They were almost equally matched in strength and agility.

It must be settled, then, either by an accidental mishap to one or the other, or by the test of endurance.

It was settled by the latter; and this gave the victory to the Indian, for he was untiring. He could have fought on all night, and been fairly fresh at the end. Not so the lieutenant; he was not in good training for an extended combat. His wind was not good.

He grew weaker and weaker, and at last, in spite of all he could do, he was thrown to the ground with considerable force.

The Indian alighted on top of the redcoat, and then, with a guttural exclamation of delight Red Rover plucked a knife from his belt.

He lifted it and brandished it in front of the doomed man's face.

"Redcoat have heap fun with Injun the udder day," said Red Rover, in a grim, deadly voice. "Now Red Rover goin' t' have fun with redcoat. Now it his turn."

The lieutenant answered with a fierce attempt to get free, but he could not do so.

"No use," said the Indian. "Redcoat goin' t' die right 'way."

There was the flash of steel, a thud, and a gasping groan, and Lieutenant Bond was no more.

The Indian had driven the knife through the heart of his enemy.

It was not a pleasant sight to witness, but Dick felt that the Indian was in reality justified. He had been cruelly treated by the man he had killed, and had won the victory over him fairly.

The Indian leaped up, with a cry of exultation, and then his eyes fell upon Dick.

He recognized the youth at once.

"How?" he greeted.

"How are you, Red Rover," was Dick's reply.

"Injun feel pret' good; see, Red Rover has paid redcoat fur way um done t' udder day."

"I saw it all, Red Rover."

They talked awhile, and then Dick bade the Indian good-by and went on his way, leaving the redskin to bury his foe.

Dick walked rapidly onward till he was within half a mile of Philadelphia, and then he slackened his pace.

He advanced slowly and cautiously.

He had no doubt of his ability to slip through the lines of sentinels, but at the same time he realized that he must exercise care.

He did so, and finally got safely through.

Soon he was threading the streets, and at last arrived at the house where the four men had been when they had dragged him in through the doorway so unceremoniously.

He advanced to the door and knocked upon it.

After a wait of perhaps half a minute he heard footsteps, and then the door was unbolted and opened.

"Who is there?" asked a voice, which Dick recognized as being that of the old man who had done the talking when he was there before.

"It is I, Dick Slater," he replied.

"Ah, yes. Come in."

Dick did so.

The man closed the door and opened it, and then led the way to the library.

The other three men were there, as had been the case before.

They greeted Dick with grave courtesy.

When Dick had taken a seat, the old man said eagerly: "Well? What did your commander-in-chief say?"

"He said that he did not think it wise to make the attempt to enter the city in the manner suggested," was the reply.

Dick noted that the four were disappointed.

They showed this plainly.

"I am sorry," said the old man, slowly. "What was the objection? Did General Washington think that the matter was impracticable?"



"Yes, sir."

"Humph. I am sorry that he came to that decision."

"So am I," said Dick. I would have enjoyed making the attempt to strike the British such a hard blow."

"And you are sure that the commander-in-chief will not change his mind?"

"Oh, yes."

The old man made a gesture to his companions, and then said to Dick, in a harsh, stern voice:

"Then you are our prisoner!"

At the same moment the other three men drew and leveled pistols at Dick's head.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A SURPRISE.

Dick was surprised.

In fact, he had never been more surprised in his life.

He had not for a moment suspected the four men.

He had believed that the four were patriots, as they had stated, but now it would seem that they were nothing of the kind, that they were indeed anything other than patriots.

He sat there, gazing at the four in open-eyed amazement.

They eyed him calmly, but with something of malicious delight in their expression.

"You appear to be surprised," said the old man.

"I am," said Dick. "Please explain what this means."

"That is easily done. It means that we are not patriots at all, but loyal king's men, and that the plan to get the patriot army to enter Philadelphia was conceived with a view to crushing it at once and forever."

"Ah!" breathed Dick.

"Had your commander-in-chief fallen in with the idea and ventured to act upon the plan, his army would have been crushed. He would have been captured, and the cause that he is working for would have been a thing of the past."

"But he did not fall in with the idea."

"True."

"What is your name?" asked Dick, abruptly.

"Why do you wish to know?"

"For the reason that I consider that I owe you something, and I wish to know to whom I am to make payment."

"Don't worry; you will get no chance to pay me. The war will end soon, anyway."

"The war will go on a long while yet."

The old man laughed.

"You may think so, but your commander-in-chief is not so smart as to prevent the end of this war from coming soon. His race is about run."

Dick indulged in a sarcastic smile now.

"I don't think you know General Washington or the people of America if you think that," he said.

"On the contrary, I think I know the people of America very well, and I am sure that they will not approve of this war much longer. It is a losing game for them."

"I cannot agree that this is so."

"But it is, nevertheless. The war can only end in disaster for the Cause which you are an adherent of, and the sooner the war ends the better it will be for everybody."

"The war will never end, unless the people of America are granted their freedom," said Dick, confidently.

"You are hoping, rather than believing that," said the man.

"No, I believe it."

"You are only a young fellow, and do not reason deeply."

"Perhaps not, but I am sure that I am right, just the same."

"No, you are wrong."

Then the old man ordered one of the three to bind Dick's arms.

The man obeyed, and soon Dick was a prisoner in fact.

"What are you going to do with me?" the youth asked.

"We will keep you here to-night, and in the morning we will turn you over to General Howe."

"And you know what that means, I suppose," said one of the other men, with a grim smile.

"I have a very good idea regarding the matter," was the quiet reply.

The four asked Dick many questions, all of which were calculated to bring forth information regarding the patriot army; but they had no such effect. Dick was too shrewd to give anything away.

Finding that they could accomplish nothing in this way, the four desisted.

Then they conducted him to a room upstairs, and locked him in.

They left his arms bound, for otherwise he would have been able to make his escape from the room.

As soon as they had gone, Dick began working at his bonds.

He believed that he would be able to free his arms. He worked like a good fellow.

He was strong, and managed to gradually stretch the rope and loosen it slightly.

He was not sure that he could loosen it enough so that he could get his hands free, but hoped to be able to do so in time.

He worked steadily, for he wished to get free as soon as possible.

At last he managed to slip his right hand out, and then it took but a few moments to get rid of the rope.

He was free so far as bonds were concerned, but he had yet to get free from the building.

He tried the door, but found it locked.

Then he went to the window and tried it.

It went up easily.

The distance to the ground was about fifteen feet. This would not be a very great drop for an athletic youth like Dick.



The trouble was that he might be seen and recaptured. He would have to look out for this, however.

He climbed through the window, lowered himself till he hung at full length, and then dropped.

He alighted upon his feet, and was not injured.

He was jarred quite a good deal, but this did not matter.

Dick found that he was at the rear of the building, and this made him reasonably safe from the chance of discovery.

He moved across the back yard and climbed the fence.

He was in an alley, now, and he slowly made his way along it till he came to the street.

He was ready to leave the city, for he realized that he would not dare to remain, now that he was so well known. The four Tories who had made a prisoner of him would have the entire British army looking for him.

Dick made his way along as rapidly as was possible, under the circumstances. He kept on the back streets, where there were few lights, and so was in not much danger of being seen.

He finally reached the edge of the city, and the task of of getting past the sentinels, confronted him.

This did not worry him greatly. He was confident of his ability to get through the lines.

He got past the sentinels in safety, and then walked onward at a swift pace.

It was an hour's walk to the Slade home, and here he went to the stable and bridled and saddled his horse and, mounting, rode onward at a gallop.

He arrived at the Liberty Boys encampment at last, and lay down and went to sleep.

Next morning he was up bright and early, and after breakfast, mounted and rode to the patriot encampment, arriving there about half-past ten o'clock.

He went at once to headquarters.

General Washington was surprised to see Dick so soon.

He had not expected to see him for three or four days.

"You are back quickly, Dick," he said.

"Yes, your excellency."

"What is the news? You have discovered something?"

"I have something to report, yes, sir; I am not sure whether you will be surprised or not."

"What is it? We will know better then."

Then Dick told General Washington how he had learned that the four men were in reality Tories, and not patriots, and that it had been a plot to try to lure the patriot army into the city."

The commander-in-chief nodded.

"Yes, it is somewhat of a surprise to me, Dick," he said.

"I thought the men were patriots."

"I thought so," said Dick.

They talked an hour or more, and then the commander-in-chief told Dick to return to his company and keep watch for bands of foraging redcoats.

The youth was glad to be given this work to do; it was the kind of work the Liberty Boys liked.

Presently he bade the commander-in-chief good-by, saluted and withdrew.

It was just dinner time, and some of the soldiers invited him to take dinner with them; he accepted the invitation, and an hour later, mounted his horse and rode away in the direction of the Liberty Boys encampment.

When he arrived there, the youths asked him what they were to do.

"Do we have to return to the encampment?" asked Bob Estabrook.

Dick shook his head.

"No, we are to stay here and look after the safety of the patriot soldiers, Bob."

"Good!"

The other youths seemed to be well pleased also.

The fact was that they enjoyed working on independent lines. They were young and impulsive, and a bit restive under strict discipline. They always obeyed orders, but they felt better when they were by themselves, away from the main army.

"We will stay here and keep a sharp lookout for the redcoats," said Dick.

"That's what we will," said Bob; "and when we get our eyes on a band of the redcoated rascals we will go after them in a way they won't like."

It was possible to see a good ways in every direction, from the top of the hill, and by climbing to the top of a tree one could see many miles.

The youths kept a lookout in one of the trees, the youths taking turns at the work.

"I don't wish the patriot settlers any harm, of course," said Bob, as they were eating supper; "but I hope that some foraging parties of redcoats will come this way soon."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### TWO IN TROUBLE.

"Hello, my boy."

"How do ye do, sir?"

"Do you live around here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good; I wish to ask you a question or two."

"All right, sir."

"I wish to know if you have seen a British officer anywhere in this vicinity in the past two or three days."

"Yes, I seen er British officer the other day."

"Ah, where did you see him?"

"Not far from here, sir."

"Indeed! What was he doing?"

"He was fighting."

"Fighting!"

It was the middle of the forenoon.

A party of about twenty British troopers had met a boy



of perhaps twelve years in the road, at a point a mile and a half from the Liberty Boys encampment.

The leader of the party of troopers was a captain, and it was he who had engaged the boy in conversation.

He stared at the boy for a few moments, now, and then said:

"You say the lieutenant was fighting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who with?"

"An Injun."

The captain started.

"An Indian!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"That is rather strange," the officer murmured.

"I heard the lieutenant telling about having made an Indian dive off the bank into the river over and over again till he was nearly exhausted, Captain Hartley," said one of the troopers; "perhaps it is was this same Indian."

"So et was," said the boy; "I heard 'em talk enuff ter know thet."

"Well, how did the fight end?" the captain asked.

The boy looked a bit nervous, and then said:

"The Injun killed 'im."

Exclamations escaped the lips of the redcoats.

"What's that?"

"You don't mean it!"

"The lieutenant dead?"

"Surely the redskin didn't kill him!"

The boy nodded.

"Yes he did," he declared; "I seen 'im do et."

"Jove, but this is bad news!" from the captain; "boy, are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Yes, sir; I seen et all."

"How did the redskin kill him? What kind of a weapon did he use?"

"A knife."

"Ah!" Then after a minute's pause; "can you guide us to the place where the fight took place?"

"Yes, sir; an' I kin show ye where the officer is buried."

"Very good; lead the way."

The boy turned and walked back down the road, the troopers following.

Presently the boy stopped and pointed to a little mound of earth just in the edge of the timber, beside the road.

"There's where the Injun buried the officer," he said.

The troopers looked at one another. There could be no doubt regarding the matter. Lieutenant Bond, who had been missing several days, had most certainly lost his life.

The captain turned to the boy.

"I suppose you don't know where this Indian is?"

The boy hesitated.

"I ain't sure thet I know, sir," he said; "but I kinder think thet I do."

"Ah, indeed!" brightening up. "If you can show us where the redskin stays, it will be worth something to you, my boy."

"I'll show ye where I think he is. Then ye kin find out about et fur yerselves."

"Exactly; that will be all right. Is it far?"

"About a mile; mebbly a little more."

"Through the timber?"

"Yes."

"Then we'd better leave our horses here."

"Yes, ye kain't ride through the timber."

The troopers dismounted, and the captain told one of the men to stay there and guard the horses.

"The rest come along," he added.

The boy led the way, the troopers following.

It was a walk of perhaps twenty-five minutes, and then the boy stopped and pointed ahead.

"There's the cabin," he said.

The troopers looked, and presently caught sight of a log cabin standing in among the trees and undergrowth.

"You think the Indian stays there, do you?" the captain asked.

"Yes; I saw 'im come here once."

"Likely he is there; I hope so."

Then he drew a couple of silver pieces from his pocket and gave them to the boy.

"Thank you for guiding us hither, my boy."

"Ye air welcum, sir."

The officers addressed his men.

"We must surround the cabin," he said; "move slowly and carefully."

The men moved to the right and to the left, and presently had the cabin surrounded.

Then they advanced, drawing closer and closer, the ring narrowing and shortening.

The boy remained there, to see what would happen.

Presently the captain advanced to the door and knocked upon it.

"Who there?" came from within, in a guttural voice.

"A friend; open the door."

"Injun got no frien's that wear red coats," was the bold reply.

"Oh, is that so?"

"Ugh."

"Well, then, we will say that we are enemies; now will you open the door?"

"No open."

"If you don't open the door, we will break it down."

"Why you want door open?"

"We want to come in."

"Why you want t' come in?"

"We want to see you. I want to talk to you."

"Injun no want to talk. Got no time."

"You will have to take time. You must talk."

"What 'bout."

"About the British officer you murdered the other day!" There was a brief silence, and then came back in defiant tones:

"Me no murder enny officer."



"You lie, you red scoundrel!" cried the captain. "Do you mean to say that you did not kill him?"

"No, me no say me no kill um; but me kill um in fair fight."

"Bah, there could be no such thing as a fair fight between a British officer and such as you. You murdered him."

"No such thing. Me kill um, but no murder."

"It is all the same, and you must die, you red villain!"

"Ugh. That so?"

"Yes."

"Mebby so."

"There is no doubt about it; your time has come. So you might as well open the door and come out."

"No, me no do that; but there a white man in here that I want you to let come out. He no had ennythin' t' do with killin' redcoat."

"Hol' on, Red Rover," the captain heard a hoarse voice say. "Whut ye think I am, ennyhow—er yaller dorg? D'ye think I'm goin' ter sneak outer this heer, an' leave ye ter fight et out by yerse'f? Not er bit uv et! I'm goin' ter stay right in heer an' fight ther enemy ter ther las' gasp, thet's whut I'm goin' ter do."

In spite of himself, the listening officer could not help feeling admiration for the speaker, although he had never seen him, and although he knew, by the language that the man must be a rough, illiterate fellow.

"Better go out, Luke," the captain heard the Indian say. "No need you be hurt. It my fight; you go out an' Injun fight um all by umself."

"Not much I won't; I'm goin' ter stay heer an' he'p ye."

"You had better come out," the captain called out. "We have nothing against you."

"No, but ye will have afore ye git done with this heer bizness," was the retort.

"Oh, all right; suit yourself," said the captain. "If you want to butt your head against a stone wall, do so. It is no affair of mine."

"Thet's so; thet's ther time ye tol' ther trooth; so jest go erhead with yer rat-killin' whenever ye git ready."

The captain wasted no more time in talk. He hastily made his way around the corner of the cabin, and rejoined his men.

"Get ready to go and break the door down," he said. "Get a log, to use as a battering-ram."

"Say, captain," said one of the men, "they'll likely kill or wound some of us if we break the door down. Why not set the old cabin on fire? Then we can shoot them down when they come running out, and we won't be in any danger."

"That's a good idea," was the reply. "We'll set the cabin on fire."

Some leaves were scraped together at the end of the cabin, then some twigs and brush were piled on top of the leaves, and this was set on fire.

The fire blazed up briskly, and the redcoats kept feeding the flames, till they began to take hold of the cabin; then the men retreated and stood there, pistols in hand, waiting for the moment when the inmates of the cabin would be forced to come forth.

The fire burned briskly, and sent up smoke and sparks.

The redcoats waited patiently, for they knew the inmates must come forth sooner or later.

They were in no hurry.

They had plenty of time, and could afford to wait. The fire blazed higher and higher.

It was eating into the end of the cabin rapidly, and was climbing steadily toward the roof.

"They must be getting pretty warm in there," said one of the troopers, with a grim smile.

"You are right," agreed the captain. "I'll wager they are beginning to sweat a bit, at any rate."

In this the captain was right.

The Indian and his white comrade were indeed beginning to sweat. The heat in the cabin was becoming almost unsupportable?

"Et begins ter look ez though we'll hev ter open ther door an' make er dash fur et, Red Rover," remarked Luke Sheddin, as he mopped his face with a bandanna handkerchief.

"I guess we haf t' do um pret' soon," was the reply.

"An' I reckon thet et'll be erbout ther las' dash we'll ever make."

"Mebby so."

"Yas; there mus' be fifteen er twenty uv ther redcoats, an' they'll put er lot uv bullets inter us, Red Rover."

"All uv them shoot at us," the Indian said.

"Ye bet they will; they'll enjy et. They look onter us ez bein' big game, ye know."

"That's so."

Hotter and hotter it grew within the cabin.

The fire was now eating through the logs at the end of the cabin, and the roof was burning.

The two moved toward the other end of the cabin, and watched the encroachment of the fire-fiend with fascinated eyes.

"We'll hef ter git out purty soon, Red Rover," said Luke, presently. "Ef we don', ther roof'll fall in onter us, an' then et'll be all up with us."

"That so."

They watched the fire a few minutes longer.

They heard the rafters begin to crack.

"Ther roof's a-comin' in, Red Rover!" cried Luke; "open ther door. We'll hef ter git outer heer an' resk ther bullets!"

"All right, Luke; come 'long!"

They moved to the door, and the Indian lifted the bar down.

Then he raised the latch, and looked at Luke.

"My white brother reddy?" he asked.

"Reddy!" was the reply.



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE LIBERTY BOYS APPEAR IN TIME.

"Say, Dick!"

"What, Bob?"

"I see some smoke."

"Where?"

"About a mile or so, over toward the northeast."

"Is it near the road?"

"No, it is away over in the timber."

"You can't see the fire?"

"No, just the smoke."

It was the middle of the forenoon, and Bob Estabrook was taking his turn up in the tree-top, as lookout.

He had caught sight of smoke curling up from among the trees away over in the timber, and had called down to Dick, whereupon the above conversation had ensued.

Dick's curiosity was aroused, and he climbed up into the tree-top, and was soon beside Bob.

He looked at the smoke, and an exclamation escaped him.

"That is just about where Red Rover's cabin is," he said.

"I wonder if it is on fire?"

"If there is a cabin there, that is likely what is making the smoke, Dick."

"But how would the cabin catch fire?"

"Perhaps the redcoats have found it and set fire to it."

Dick started.

"That is just what has happened, I'll wager," he said.

"They have missed Lieutenant Bond, and they may have learned that he was killed by the Indian, and it is possible that they found out where the redskin stayed and have set fire to his cabin."

"Likely enough, Dick."

"It may be that they haven't killed the Indian yet, and if such is the case we might get there in time to save him."

"That is just what I was thinking, old man. Let's take some of the boys and go there at once."

"All right; we'll take fifty of the boys. That will be a sufficient number to enable us to handle the British."

They climbed down out of the tree as quickly as possible, and five minutes later fifty of the youths set out through the timber as fast as they could walk.

They were not long in reaching the vicinity of the burning cabin, and they approached cautiously.

When they got within fifty yards of the cabin, they caught sight of the redcoats.

"There they are!" said Dick, cautiously. "We will slip up as close as possible, and then give the rascals a volley."

They advanced, and when they got where they could see the entire front of the cabin they noted that the door was closed.

They at once guessed the truth—that the Indian was in the cabin.

This was evident, for the redcoats were standing, watching the door, pistols in hand, ready to fire at an instant's notice.

Dick gave the signal for the Liberty Boys to stop and take aim.

They did so, and then at the signal from him, fired a volley.

Six of the redcoats dropped, dead or wounded.

At the same instant the door of the cabin was thrown open, and two figures came running forth.

The two were the Indian and his white comrade, as the Liberty Boys instantly saw.

Luckily for the two the Liberty Boys had caused complete demoralization in the ranks of the redcoats by firing the volley.

It had come so unexpectedly that the troopers were almost paralyzed.

They were expecting to kill the inmates of the cabin, and here half a dozen of their comrades lay on the ground, dead or wounded.

They did not even fire at the two, as they had intended doing.

They guessed, from the noise made by the volley, that they were attacked by a stronger force than their own, and they turned and ran at the top of their speed.

The Liberty Boys fired another volley, and brought down two more of the enemy.

The Indian and the hunter fired a couple of shots, and then the Indian gave utterance to a whoop of satisfaction.

"How?" he said to Dick. "You got here just right time."

"That's whut ye did," said Sheddin.

"Redcoats goin' t' shoot us full uv bullets," added Red Rover.

"Well, they won't do it now," with a smile.

"No, um heap scared. They no come back."

Then the two told how the redcoats had come and set fire to the cabin.

"I wonder how they found out where you were," said Bob.

"Dunno; mebbly somebody tol' um."

The Liberty Boys looked at the redcoats who had been shot down, and found that six were dead, two being wounded.

They dressed the wounds of the two as best they could, and then buried the six.

This done, Dick told the youths to take up the two wounded soldiers.

"We will return to the encampment," he said. "Are you coming with us, Red Rover and Luke?"

"Guess we might as well," said Sheddin. "We hain't got no place ter stay now."

"Ugh! We go with you," said the Indian.

It was slow work, carrying the wounded men, and it took the party nearly an hour to reach the encampment.

They kept a sharp lookout as they were going, but did not see anything of the redcoats.



"They gone back t' big city," said the redskin, with a grim smile.

When they reached the encampment the other youths asked eagerly regarding the affair. They had heard the sound of the firing. Then, too, they saw the wounded redcoats.

They were well pleased when they learned that six redcoats had been killed.

"I guess that will teach them a lesson," said Mark Morrison.

The others all thought the same.

Red Rover and Luke Sheddin were made welcome at the encampment, and they were soon feeling perfectly at home.

The little party of British troopers were very angry and greatly disgusted.

They had been struck a severe blow, and had lost eight of their number, and had not so much as fired a shot at the enemy.

They were disgusted as much with themselves as with the rebels.

"They must have been the Liberty Boys," said Captain Hartley, gloomily.

"Likely," agreed one of the men.

"Well, we can do nothing with such a small force, so let's get back to the city and make a report, and then return with a force of sufficient strength to enable us to put the rebels to flight."

The men were ready to do this, and so they mounted their horses and rode away. They led the eight extra horses.

When they reached Philadelphia Captain Hartley went to headquarters and made his report.

General Howe was sorry to hear that Lieutenant Bond was dead, and he was angry when he learned that the captain's force had been attacked by the Liberty Boys and eight of their number killed or wounded.

"Those Liberty Boys must be driven out of this part of the country," the general said. "They are always bobbing up when least expected, and they invariably do damage."

"Let me take a strong force of troopers and go after them, sir."

"Very well; you are at liberty to do so; and I hope you will have better luck than was the case when this was tried before."

"I hope so. I will do my best to get the better of them, sir."

Then Captain Hartley went away and soon had his force ready.

It set out, and was soon riding in the direction of the place where it was thought likely that the Liberty Boys would be encamped.

The redcoats learned from a Tory settler that the Liberty Boys were encamped on the top of Quaker Hill, and they set out in that direction at once.

The Liberty Boys were not to be taken by surprise, however. They knew the enemy was coming long before they got there, and were ready to receive the redcoats.

The two parties had a lively little engagement that afternoon, and the redcoats got the worst of it, as was usually the case.

They retired, angry and disappointed, but not discouraged.

This was the beginning of a series of engagements between the two parties of soldiers, and gradually the Liberty Boys retreated toward the west.

They were not strong enough to hold their own against the redcoats, so kept retreating.

The British troopers, feeling confident, now that they had got their enemy to retreating, because a little bit careless, and one night the youths slipped down upon them and made a furious attack.

It was a characteristic Liberty Boys' attack, and the result was that the redcoats were scattered to the four winds.

That settled it with Captain Hartley.

He got the remnant of his force together, after considerable difficulty, and returned to Philadelphia.

He went to headquarters and frankly acknowledged that the hated "rebels" had been too much for him.

"We were doing very well," he explained, "and were driving them along without much trouble, but last night they sneaked down upon us and played the very deuce with us."

General Howe spoke some consoling words to the captain, and told him that he was sure that the captain was not to blame for the disaster.

"I am beginning to have great respect for the prowess of those Liberty Boys," he said. "I am of the opinion that it would take an army to get them in such a shape as would make them surrender."

"I think so, your excellency. And I am glad that you do not blame me for being defeated by half the number of men that I had in my force."

The captain knew that he was to blame for what had occurred, that he had been careless and had permitted the youths to take him by surprise, but he did not want the commander-in-chief to know this.



Our story is practically ended.

The Liberty Boys remained in camp not far from the Doan home, quite a while, and they succeeded in striking various bands of foraging redcoats blows.

The British made several attempts to get at the Liberty Boys, but failed each time, and finally gave up in disgust.

During the time that they were in that part of the country, three of the Liberty Boys—Dave Waller, Ben Spencer, and George Williams—fell in love with Sally Slade, Maggie Doan, and Lucy Loraine, and when the war ended the three couples were married.

The marriage of George Williams to the blind girl was something of a surprise to his friends, but he said that he loved Lucy, and that he would do the seeing for both. That he made no mistake in marrying her was proved conclusively, for they lived together many years and were very happy.

Red Rover, the Indian decoy, went to his people in the

mountains to the west, and Luke Sheddin went with him. They never forgot the Liberty Boys, to whom they had taken a great liking.

THE END.

The next number (189) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS AFLOAT; OR, SAILING WITH PAUL JONES," by Harry Moore.

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